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ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
**NEWSPAPER VERSE**  
FOR 1922

Edited By  
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Enid, Oklahoma  
**FRANK P. DAVIS, PUBLISHER**  
**MCMXXIII**



## THE ANTHOLOGY.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1919. \$2.50  
Contains 143 poems from 69 newspapers by 78  
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1920. \$2.50  
Contains 175 poems from 71 newspapers by 130  
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1921. \$2.50  
Contains 149 poems from 76 newspapers by 127  
authors.

THE ANTHOLOGY OF NEWSPAPER VERSE FOR 1922. \$2.50  
Contains 148 poems from 65 newspapers by 99  
authors.



## INTRODUCTION

The year 1922 was rather dull for the American people, and conditions generally were not promising if we are to accept the output of newspaper verse as a barometer of national sentiment. Not only was there a noticeable falling off in the number of poems published in newspapers during the year, but there appeared a pessimistic undercurrent, and a disturbed condition generally.

There appeared to be many thought waves that intermingled and crossed one another as the voices of the poets arose from the different parts of the country. Their songs were not tuned to the same key and the result was a sort of discord.

Some years the output of newspaper verse is of a much higher order than it is in other years. At times some theme seems to reach the hearts of the people, and we hear them singing much the same song. At other times there appears no theme that appeals to the people as a whole.

This is well illustrated by comparison with the year 1921, when, from nearly every hamlet and from the very outposts of civilization, came songs about the burial of the Unknown Soldier; this year we have as our leading subject a theme as far removed from that of last year as night is from day.

Judging from two thousand or more poems read, it would seem that the Flapper was the most talked of subject in America. From the poems received we can readily define the habitat of the Flapper, which appears to be that part of our country lying north of the Ohio River, and west of the Mississippi, with the possible exception of the States of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico and Nevada. They have been reported on the east coast of Florida, in old Mexico, as far north as Winnepeg, and west as far as Honolulu.

It appears that there was a general moral revolt among the younger generation, who, we are led to believe, objected to the idea that it is wrong for young girls to smoke cigarettes and encourage petting-parties. In many instances we find the best poems coming from

those who defend the younger generation, and it is encouraging to know the great faith our people have in the rising generation.

We also learn from the newspaper poets that there was a subway accident in New York, and that Clemenceau visited our shores. However, it is very plain that our people do not think so kindly of France as they once did, and it is doubtful if the visit of the Tiger made a favorable impression on our people. Roosevelt's birthday was remembered by many poets. The west continued strong for miners, coyotes and rattlesnakes. While in the south they paid tributes of love to every beautiful object from the jassamine blossoms of Louisiana, to the beautiful women of Georgia. The climate must have been ideal throughout the country, as we hear the poets of every part of the land singing of the beauty of every season, of every month of the year, and of every bird from bluebirds to buzzards.

*Frank P. Davis.*

"THE YOUNGER GENERATION"—AGAIN.

It's always here, and it always knows  
That IT is the final word,  
The dangerous, different, vital thing,  
As swift and free as a bird.

It scorns the shackles of bygone days,  
Old phrases and meters and rhymes,  
Its art is bold as its heart is cold  
When it sneers at "the good old times."

Its food is chosen and measured and weighed,  
With sweets it is never cloyed,  
Its morals belong to the modern school,  
Its dreams are arranged by Freud!

It smiles at your pitiful old-style soul,  
Your taste for Victorian verse,  
Keats and Shelley are mere has-beens,  
And Tennyson far, far worse!

Like a naughty flapper with ancient beaux,  
Intent upon causing strife,  
It's cool and clever and knows it knows  
The trend and the end of Life!

But when it's lonesome or strangely sad,  
And sick of the sins it knows,  
It creeps to your side by the leaping fire  
As the back log crackles and glows;

It grips your hand, and its eyes are wet,  
It wants you to fuss with its hair,  
And it says in that would-be flippant tone,  
"By heck, but I'm glad you're here!"

And if you sit, and rumple, and wait,  
It comes clean out of its shell,  
And tells its story, since "you understand"  
Heartache and Heaven and Hell!

And, oh, its face is wistful and sad,  
Its dream and its love are sweet,  
As here by the fire, Youth, one by one,  
Its secrets lays at your feet. . . .

*The New York Times.*    *Elisabeth Newport Hepburn.*

## THE TRUTH ABOUT FLAPPERS.

Who says that a flapper's a bold, bad girl?

I tell you it's all dead wrong.

She's just a *regular* girl who's learned  
Where regular girls belong.

She wears flat heels and a boyish bob,

And she grins a chuminy grin;

She knows the rules, and she plays the game,  
And she doesn't *take you in*.

And what if she does puff a cigarette?

Oh—we did the same, you know,

Except that we did it *behind closed doors*.  
In the golden long ago!

She is wise to the fact that the fearful stork

Is a bird that lays plain eggs,

And she trips around, quite unashamed,  
On a visible pair of legs.

She does *her* "cussedness" right out loud,

With a courage that we call "bold."

She doesn't *sneak* all her small, pet sins!  
*We* did, in the days of old!

Of course, when she "pets" a boy or two

We think it's a bit unwise;

But Youth and Wisdom were never pals,  
Under any earthly skies.

We "spooned" with as many as that, or more,

Only *we*—we never told!

In those good old, wise old, sly old days,  
Those virtuous days of old!

I could scold her a little for just one thing—

Her rouged and powdered face.

I love the flush of the rose leaves so,  
But we old ones set the pace!

And the ones who drink, and shame their youth?

Oh, they're "something else, again."

I tell you, *flappers* are *regular girls*,  
And they pal with *regular men*.

So—here's to the flappers! Bless 'em all!

Long may they flap on high!

They're the twentieth century Band of Hope!

May their species never die!

*The New York Times.*

*Barbara Young.*

### THE FLAPPER.

You are no worse than ever you have been;  
Yours the same Eve-glance, curious and keen;  
You only laugh, when you hear old dames say.  
"Maidens were more proper in my day."  
Or else you reply, wickedly,  
"Oh, sure—you had to be!"

In many ways you're better than of old;  
Your interests wider and your mind more bold;  
Your vision more aspiring, and your sense  
Of justice far more militantly intense,  
And you hurt no one when you're bent on shocking  
Some prim old spinster with your rolled-down stocking.

It's the same story, told again once more  
By men and women verging on three score:  
"In our day all young ladies acted better—  
"There P's and Q's they minded to the letter."  
The modern young thing laughs at them: "What rot!  
"You're all old liars—or else, you've forgot!"

*The New Canaan Advertiser.*                   *Orville Leonard.*

### WOMANKIND.

A lacy ruffle, a powder puff,  
A high-heeled slipper, a silken tie,  
A curling-iron, and a bit of rouge,  
A negligee, and—the pronoun I!

If this is true, and you can't deny  
That it's froth just like a bubble,  
You must admit that a woman's there,  
When a chap gets into trouble!

*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*Floyd Meredith.*

## O TEMPORA.

Yes, times have changed since she looked at me  
While she powdered her saucy nose.  
Her veil rolls down to a lower line,  
And so do her silken hose.

Has she thrown away her powder puff,  
Since her face is swathed from the breeze?  
No, you may see it is useful still,  
As she powders her dimpled knees.

*The Boston Herald.*

*Clarissa Brooks.*

*Copyrighted.*

## CHANGE.

The hand that rocks the cradle  
Now is stained with nicotine,  
And the foot upon the rocker  
Likes to step on gasoline.

*The New York Sun.*

*Blaine C. Bigler.*

## O MORES.

Yes, I think that I should know it  
If she really came to show it.  
Of course, I know she had one,  
Though 'twas several years ago.  
Yes, 'twas pink and small and pretty:  
When I whispered trifles witty,  
My jests would oft suffuse it  
With a lovely roseate glow.

But it's so long since I've seen it,  
Can my Julia really mean it?  
After this long seclusion  
Won't it seem a trifle queer?  
'Pon my word, she's really done it—  
Pray forgive me if I pun it—  
The silken husk is really gone  
From Julia's little ear.

*The Boston Herald.*

*Clarissa Brooks.*

*Copyrighted.*

## THE HILL WOMAN.

One day a roving gypsy passed my door  
And she sang an air,  
A song of life, of the open road—  
Of the world, out there!

The high hills hem my little house about  
On every side—  
Safe is the valley, and the hills, serene:  
My house is my pride.

But I watch the dark shadow-horses race,  
When the wind clouds ride—  
How they hurry over the bare, brown hills  
To—the world outside!

The river winds through the fields of grain  
That my man sows for me;  
It turns and twists like a writhing worm,  
But—it finds the sea!

Oh, I was content till the gypsy came,  
Singing her song—  
Content, till she stopped and said to me:  
“You will not stay long.”

But—the world, they say, is a wicked place;  
It would frighten me!  
Yet . . . should I take, some day, the river road.  
Would I find the sea?

I watch the sun go down behind the hills  
And the twilight fall;  
It covers their cold, stark, silent forms  
With a purple pall.

The light fades fast on the little road  
That will bring my man . . .  
But the words of the song that the gypsy sang—  
How was it they ran?

. What the world is like there beyond the hills—  
Ah, what if I knew?  
Be still, my heart, be still! The gypsy said:  
“Soon you will go, too!”

*The New York Times. Roselle Mercier Montgomery.*

## A WOMAN.

She wanders down the dusty street,  
As keen of loveliness  
As those whom fortune sets apart  
To smile upon and bless.

She pauses by a florist's shop,  
Her wistful eyes alight,  
With hunger for the violets  
And roses red and white.

The favored draw their skirts aside  
With querulous distaste,  
Lest they be soiled by one least touch  
Of her they call unchaste.

If they would give a kindly glance,  
Or just one fragrant bloom,  
They might avert the tragedy  
Of shame that seems her doom.

But, dull to all they do not know,  
They neither dream nor guess,  
That this is common to them both :  
The love of loveliness.

*The New York Herald.*

*Charlotte Becker.*

## THE SEALERS OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

(Written at the Ice-fields in the Spring of 1922 aboard the historic old Terra Nova.)

Ho ! We be the Sealers of Newfoundland !  
We clear from a snowy shore,  
Out into the gale with our steam and sail,  
Where tempest and tumult roar.  
We battle the floe as we northward go,  
North, from a frozen strand !  
Through lead, through bay, we battle our way,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland !

Ye, we be the Sealers of Newfoundland ;  
We laugh at the blinding dark ;  
We mock the wind, as we fling behind  
The wilderness hoar and stark.  
We jest at death, at the icy breath  
Of the Pole, by the north-lights spanned.  
In a wild Death-dance we dice with Chance,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland !

Sealers, ho Sealers of Newfoundland,  
With engines begrimed and racked,  
With groaning beams where the blue ice gleams,  
We push through the growlers packed,  
With rifle, with knife we press our strife.  
What lubber shall understand  
The war we fight in the ghostly light ?  
Aye, Sealers of Newfoundland !

The ice glows red where our skin-boots tread,  
And crimson the gleaming floes.  
From mast we "scun" till our race be run,  
Where the Labrador current goes.  
From ship we spring to the pans that swing ;  
By stalwarts our deck is manned.  
O'er the blood-red road the sculps are towed  
By the Sealers of Newfoundland !

Oh, some may sail with a southern gale ;  
Some may fare east or west.  
The North is ours, where the white storm lowers,  
Wild North that we love the best !  
Oh North, we ken that ye make us men ;  
Your glory our eyes have scanned.  
Hard men we be, of the Frozen Sea,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland !

Bitterly bold through the stinging cold  
We vanquish the naked North.  
We make our kill with an iron will,  
Where the great white cold stalks forth.  
"Onward !" we cry, where the bare bergs lie,  
Dauntless our course is planned.  
With blood, with sweat, scant bread we get,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland !

"Starb'rd!" and "Steady!" and "Port!" we steer;  
Press on through the grinding pan!  
We labor and muck for a fling at luck,  
Each man of us, God! a man!  
We cheer at the bawl of the white-coats all,  
We labor with knife and hand,  
With rope and gaff. At the North we laugh,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

Where the old dog-hood and the old harps' brood  
Lie out on the raftered pack,  
We tally our prey. Then away and away,  
Men, Ho for the homeward track!  
Till the day dawns near when a welcome cheer  
Shall greet us, as red we stand  
On the decks that come to our island home,  
We Sealers of Newfoundland!

*The Boston Post.*

*George Allen England.*

### SUNDAY IN JAY.

(The little town of Jay, the county seat of Delaware county, Oklahoma, nestles in the picturesque hills of the Spavinaw country. This poem was written to defend the contention of the "poetry of the hills.")

It was Sunday in Jay. We were up and away  
To the valley of dripping springs.  
We went over the hills and we crossed running rills,  
'Mid the copse where the wild bird sings.

Where the sprites ever play in their weird, elfin way,  
To a vale where the sun ne'er shines;  
Where the babbling of brooks, in moss covered nooks,  
Blend their song with the soushing pines.

Farther onward we strode, 'long the steep, winding road,  
Weather seamed, crested hills between,  
Where the Brushy creek falls o'er slick granite walls,  
With a whir and a shimmering sheen.

Where the bright mountain trout, from the ferns  
darting out,  
Calmly rests on his finny oars,  
And the squirrels nimbly cut autumn-brown juicy nut,  
In th' omniscient God's out-doors.

There the mild manner'd doe, pricking ears, scented  
    foe,

    Swiftly darts through the brush and the trees ;  
And the breezes sublime from a sun-laden clime,  
    Odoriferously flutes and flees.

'Twas in years, as of old, that the warriors bold,  
    Came in answer to the drum-beat call,  
In the dell and in glen, since the mem'ry of men,  
    Ever fearing the nation's fall.

But the Cherokee's fame, in his deeds and his name,  
    Will survive as the years unfold,  
As the pristine glory, both in song and in story,  
    Of the Greeks and of Troy is told.

*The Daily Oklahoman.*

*Bill Kantfraid.*

### THE REDWOOD.

I never see a redwood in the town,  
    But in my heart I feel a vague regret,  
As for an exile, born to wear a monarch's crown  
    And heir to rich and spreading lands, who yet  
Alas, his life in cramped surrounding spends,  
    Far from his home, his countrymen and friends.

O Redwood, thou to man shouldst never come ;  
    But man should make a pilgrimage to thee :  
Where nobles of thy race in their ancestral home,  
    On misty mountain slopes beside the sea,  
Raise with their shafts, like cloisters cool at noon,  
    Cathedrals to the sun, and temples to the moon.

*The Oakland Tribune.*                   *Eunice Mitchell Lehmer.*

### ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP ALONE.

Clanging cymbal, crack of doom,  
Flash of lightning, thunder's boom,  
Clouds descending, darkness, gloom  
    On the mountain top alone !

All around me furies howl,  
Gnashing teeth, malicious, foul,  
Vamping, pulling at my cowl—  
    On the mountain top alone !

Lonely, homing in alarm,  
Fleeing creeping Hate and Harm,—  
Vainly seeking sheltering arm—  
On the mountain top alone!

Sol comes forth above a cloud,  
Faint—I feel his warm breath crowd,  
Blue skies break above my shroud—  
On the mountain top alone!

*The Pasadena Star-News.*

*Marie Tello Phillips.*

#### SONG.

Come with me, sweet, and we will go  
A-harvesting the spring;  
I know a place where bluebells grow  
And where brown thrashers sing.

We'll trip across the fragrant hills,  
Abloom with haw and crab;  
We'll listen to sweet-sounding rills,  
And dance a round with Mab.

We'll chance on violets, I know,  
And toadstools in a ring.  
Give me your hand, and we will go  
A-harvesting the spring.

*Chicago Daily Tribune.*

*Wayne Gard.*

#### CERTAIN TRAILS.

My heart has gone a-gypsying adown a certain  
highway;  
An old road with high hedges and a little wooden  
bridge  
That spans a stream of water near a mossy shaded  
by-way,  
Where clumps of bright verbenas flank a rough and  
rocky ridge.

My heart has gone a-gypsying into an orchard olden,  
Where pink-white apple blossoms bend a beaten path  
above;  
And bees go heavy laden with their honey all so  
golden,  
While their monotone is mingled with the crying of  
a dove.

My heart has gone a-gypsying beside a field of clover,  
Where blooms are giving lavishly of odors fragrant,  
sweet.  
A meadow lark is singing near, his heart is brimming  
over  
With the beauty and the brightness that his song has  
made complete.

My heart has gone a-gypsying—O, do you, can you  
wonder  
When certain trails are rivaling the ways that Eden  
knew?  
My heart has gone a-gypsying all flowered paths to  
plunder,  
To lose itself in gladness 'mid the morning sun and  
dew.

*The Kansas City Times.*

*Ella May Arneal.*

### THE CALLING SEA.

The wind sweeps in from the marsh at night  
And wails like a lost banshee,  
And I go down from the quiet town  
To stare at the roaring sea.

The wild wind, shrieking of distant lands,  
And the green surge, rolling free,  
And the riding lights of the ships at night,  
Are signals that call to me.

I watch how the vessels lift and swing,  
In the teeth of the racing tide,  
Where the great waves roar on the rocky shore  
And the pitching barges ride.

So I dream of shipping before the mast,  
And sailing to foreign lands—  
Of cutting a way through the salt sharp spray  
To tropical coral strands.

I have watched the vessels for foreign ports  
Stand out to the open sea,  
And I must go where the great storms blow  
And the lashing wind roars free.

It may be that I shall come back again  
To the peace of the little town,  
Where the hyacinth grows, and the prim hedge-rows  
Run neatly up and down.

It may be that when I grow tired and old  
Then the little town will call,  
And the quiet days and sunlit ways  
Shall please me most of all.

*The New York Times.*

*Violet McDougal.*

### THE WANDERER.

Oh, I heard the call of a winging bird  
Down purpling sunset ways,  
When other birds were nest-ward bound  
To croon low lullabies.

And I wondered why, as dark night fell,  
That lone bird sought the west,  
When his comrades, all, were flying home,  
To sing young broods to rest!

Have you no Love, have you no Nest?  
No mem'ries of spring, blossoms bright,  
That you madly skirt the twilight clouds,  
That you scorn the shelter of the night?

A light breeze steals through tree-tops tall,  
Half sad, nor song, nor sigh:  
Content, asleep, the homing birds  
Dream not, down the western sky,

One lone bird flew, at the set of sun.  
What and whither his quest? Oh, who  
Is happier now, when day is done,  
Home birds or restless one, you?

*The Memphis Commercial Appeal.*    *Francis M. Lipp.*

### THE END OF DAY.

As the sun goes down behind the cloud  
And sinks in its mellow ray,  
The night comes on like a ghostly shroud,  
And this is the end of day.

In the leafy trees the birds retire,  
And the flocks and herds are still  
In the fading glow of celestial fire,  
Just over the western hill.

In the silence deep of the chilly night,  
When stretched out on the ground,  
We grope in darkness for the light,  
And hear no earthly sound.

In the care of God we still remain,  
As we humbly kneel to pray;  
When the setting sun shall rise again,  
There'll be no end of day.

*The Kansas City Star.*                  *Henry Polk Lowenstein.*

### SAN FRANCISCO BAY.

Named by the Padres after their St. Francis,  
There is an older claimant to that fame;  
For in the month of June, and near St. John's Day,  
Two hundred years before—an English Francis  
came.

Time, that keeps the world's great deeds in view,  
Does not withhold the credit due today,  
To Drake, who first sailed near, if not straight through,  
The Golden Gate, into San Francisco Bay.

*The British-Californian.*                  *Martha Newland.*

## THE DESERT.

When the Master of all creation  
Had finished the work of His hand—  
The earth and the world of people,  
The sea, the sky and the land—  
Methinks that His heart grew heavy  
And He said, with a sigh and a nod,  
“So much for the world of people,  
And nothing at all for God.”  
Then He chose from His vast creation  
A desolate waste of sand,  
Sprinkled it over with sagebrush  
And fashioned the Desert Land.  
He gave it the glow of the sunset,  
The glare of the noonday heat,  
The lure of distant horizons  
Where earth and heaven meet.  
  
And when His labor was ended  
He said with a smile divine:  
“The beauties of earth are my children’s—  
The Desert alone is mine.”

*The New York Herald.*

*Helen Frazee-Bower.*

## THE COUNTRY ROAD.

’Twas just the other day, my lad,  
While driving down the road;  
I noticed here and there a bird,  
A butterfly and toad,  
And then I chanced to look ahead,  
For quite rough was the ride,  
And oh, how smooth it seemed to be  
Upon the other side.

I turned the wheel and went across  
To see how it would be,  
And don’t you know it jerked me so,  
I said, “How rough, dear me.”  
The grass was dead, the weeds were high,  
The ditch was deep and wide.  
But green the grass and smooth the road  
Upon the other side.

Sometimes I think our lives must be  
Quite like the country road;  
Some are like the birds and bees  
And others like the toad.  
We see when looking just beyond,  
How smooth some people slide,  
But when we cross, we always say,  
"How smooth the other side."

*The Lewisburg Leader.*

*E. Vernon Moore.*

## GREETINGS TO SIR AUCKLAND AND LADY GEDDES.

[On their visit to Oakland, March 22, 1922. From the British Societies of California.]

We, who now dwell within the Golden State,  
Are proud to welcome you within the Gate  
That guards the entrance to the Orient,  
The first and last port of the Occident.  
Here where three hundred years ago, and more,  
Drake, the "explorer," came from Britain's shore  
'Tis fitting place to welcome you who stand  
As the Ambassador of his home land.

As British Californians we rejoice  
To see you in our midst, to hear your voice  
That ever speaks in council, true and wise,  
Smoothing the difficulties that arise  
As rise they will when Statesmen strive to find  
Solution of great problems of mankind,  
As fall they must when each and all unite  
To use the golden rule, and do the right.

We wish you, as upon our shores you stay,  
Enjoyment every moment of each day,  
And hope that California's sunny skies  
Will beam on you in all her radiant guise.  
For we are certain that when far away  
Her beauty and her charm with you will stay  
To lure you on to come again and see  
This western land beside the western sea.

But ere you leave us on your homeward way,  
A tribute is your due and one we pay  
With joyous hearts; in that you have removed  
Ideas that fostered hate when not disproved,  
And as you daily with that aim in view  
Explained it all, a situation new  
Arose between our old and new home land,  
And one we thank you for, with heart and hand.

*The British-Californian.*

*Martha Newland.*

### THE SUN ON BISCAYNE BAY.

There's a splendor and a glory  
    In the sun where e'er he's found,  
Be it in the mountains hoary,  
    Burning sand or icy mound.  
But the glory of all glories,  
    In his splendor or his play,  
In realities or stories,  
    Is when seen o'er Biscayne Bay.

For the Bay adds to his splendor,  
    Clothes him in a majesty  
That doth magnify and render  
    Hidden glories, 'till eyes see  
What to him are not beholden  
    For their witchery so gay,  
As the tinted rays, sun-golden,  
    Cast their beams on Biscayne Bay.

'Tis the waters in their clearness,  
    In their beauty and their charms,  
In their sweetness and their nearness  
    Clasping him in their fond arms,  
That entice him to their quarters,  
    As he rises day by day  
From across the swelling waters  
    Of that splendid Biscayne Bay.

You can find the sun a-shining  
In the North, the East, the West;  
You can find his beams reclining  
Everywhere on water's breast.  
But to find him in his glory,  
Shining brightly every day,  
You must see him at Miami,  
Rising over Biscayne Bay.

*The Boston Post.*

*Edwin Gordon Lawrence.*

### THE SENTINEL OF IROQUOIS.

O Tree, on duty by the rocky wall,  
So watchful o'er the busy town below,  
Hear you not from the woodland, voices call,  
Telling of kindred you may never know?

Sheltered and safe, your wistful brethren stand,  
And yearn to share your watch upon the hill.  
'Tis often thus in life; a helping hand  
May not enfold ours though its touch would thrill.

Life holds some trials we must face alone;  
Yet, like your wistful brethren of the wood,  
Are those who yearn to make their pity known,  
And fain would share our sorrows if they could.

*The Courier-Journal.*

*Kalfus Kurtz Gusling.*

### THOROUGHFARES.

My feet are used to pavements, but tomorrow  
I tread long grassy slopes and feel the air  
Swept out of spring-green hollows, with the flare  
Of summer bugles blowing. I shall borrow  
The joy of birds that watch us in the blue,  
The freshness of wild strawberries in the dew.

My eyes have kept the page and conned the chapter,  
But wisdom now is singing in the sun,  
Looking beyond me on the road begun  
Until I catch some glimpse, where clouds have wrapped  
her,  
Of beauty's self, elusive, haunting, fain,  
The lure of woman and divine disdain.

However mad the distance, I shall follow,  
And in some foxglove tangle or cool dell  
Bedded with violets, shall know the spell  
That thrills the pollened bee and heaven-winged  
swallow.

The drip of water on moss-covered stones  
Shall be the pulse of song each tree intones.

My ears have listened to the street commotion,  
The crush of traffic and the beat of news  
From blood-splashed countries where hot warfare  
brews.

Tomorrow I shall find a fresh devotion,  
Pathways where ferns have hidden from the sun,  
Leaf coverts where the hare and squirrel run.

*The New York Sun.*      *Lewis Worthington Smith.*

#### IN LANDS OFF THERE.

In lands off there across the seas  
The temple bells entreat for prayers  
With silver cadenced harmonies—  
In lands off there.

Slow swing the caravans that dare,  
The yellow sands, bound for the leas  
Where golden rivers blot despair,  
In lands off there.

Night long upon the jasmine breeze  
The tomtom beats while maidens fair  
With faces veiled, rich mysteries  
In lands off there.

*The New York Herald.*      *Thomas J. Murray.*

#### LIGHT.

Every morning, while hurrying along River Road to  
work,  
I pass the old miser Stemowski's hut,  
Beside which pants a white perfumed cloud of acacias.  
And the poignant spring pierces me.

My eyes are suddenly glad, like cloud'shadows when  
they meet the sheltering gloom  
After having been long stranded in a sea of glassy  
light.

Then I rush to the yard,  
But on the job my mind still wanders along the steps  
    of dreams in search of beauty.  
O how I bleed in anguish! I suffer,  
Amid my happy, laughing but senseless toilers!  
Perhaps it is the price of a forbidden dream sunken in  
    the purple sea of an obscure future.

*The New York Evening Post.*      *Pascal D'Angelo.*

### THE WAVES.

The waves are galloping ponies  
    With winds in their flying mane,  
That run and nibble the sugary sand,  
    And scamper away again.

The waves are glittering tigers  
    Flung snarling on the land,  
That writhe and twist in the grips of death,  
    And claw away the sand.

The waves are purple elephants  
    That charge with sudden roar,  
That trumpet and shout to the shaken moon,  
    And trample away the shore.

The waves are green-haired mermaids  
    With thrifty little hands,  
Who, fetching brooms and pails and mops,  
    Come bringing back the sands.

*The New York Times.*      *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

### HARBORS.

She watches cloud boats sailing,  
    With fleecy sails unfurled,  
For some unfathomed harbor  
    The other side the world.

Her wistful thoughts go drifting  
    Across the summer day—  
Love guide them to some haven  
    Where they may bide alway!

*The New York Herald.*      *Charlotte Becker.*

## THE POET.

In the darkness he sings of the dawning,  
In the desert he sings of a rose,  
Or of limpid and laughing water  
That through green meadows flows.

He flings a Romany ballad  
Out through his prison bars,  
And, deaf, he sings of nightingales,  
Or, blind, he sings of stars.

And hopeless and old and forsaken,  
At last with failing breath  
A song of faith and youth and love  
He sings at the gates of death.

*The Boston Transcript.*

*Mary Sinton Leitch.*

## FIELDS AT NIGHT.

I stood in the whispering fields  
Intoxicated with the loveliness of the night:  
The moon leaned against the trees  
And ran her finger through the billowing grain.  
Thoughts of you came like flying birds across my  
mind—  
Was it the thought of you so far away  
Or the beauty of the whispering grain  
That blinded my eyes with tears  
And quivered my heart with pain?

*The Dothan Eagle.*

*Scottie McKenzie Frasier.*

## SANCTUARY.

In the long dim aisles of the pine wood  
No bird's wing beats through the shadows,  
And only the sloping sun-shaft  
Moves on the purple floor;  
Only the west wind sounds there;  
Sounds like a long wave washing  
Drowsily, far away,  
On some mysterious shore.

The river of change leaves the pine wood  
A sacred inviolate island,  
And all that the ages have sown there  
    The years have forgotten to reap.  
Summer by summer there gathers  
And deepens a holier hush there  
Where centuries whisper together  
    And time has fallen asleep.

No wanderer strays through the pine wood  
Or stands on its threshold of twilight  
Or peers through its purple shadows,  
    Lingering, all year long.  
No listener comes to harvest  
Those acres of ancient silence  
Where through, like a loitering river,  
    Flows ever the wind's low song.

In the cool green heart of the pine wood,  
At the end of some breeze-blurred vista,  
The silences gather together  
    And make their dwelling afar.  
In a place that no man remembers,  
With motionless miles around them,  
By pools of unwavering quiet  
    That never a sound shall mar,  
They dwell serenely forever,  
Forgotten, and visited only,  
By the moon that walks through the tree tops  
    Or the still pale face of a star.

*The Christian Science Monitor.*                   *Odell Shepard.*

## BACK YARDS.

Back yards are narrow places, after all,  
Shut in by wooden fences, straight and tall,  
But all the neighbors on our city street  
Are narrow people, very quiet and neat.  
And so their yards are like them, orderly,  
With plots of grass as green as they can be,  
And beds of flowers, stiff-backed hollyhocks,  
And white geraniums and prudish phlox.  
But we're a careless lot; we hate to fuss,  
And dirt and things don't ever bother us;  
'Cause ma's a busy artist, and our dad  
Spends all his time in scribbling on a pad,  
And we are kids, Leroy and me and Dot,  
The only kids our neighborhood has got.  
So our back yard's just like us, careless, too,  
With jumbled flowers, red and pink and blue,  
And trampled grass and paths all littered up  
With bones and sticks to please our collie pup.  
But our back yard can be a magic ship  
Where we can sit and take a long, long trip.  
And when the fairies pass along our street  
They choose our yard because it's *not* so neat.

*The New York Times.*

*Violet Alleyn Storey.*

## IDLERS.

The gypsies lit their fires by the chalk-pit gate anew,  
And the hopped horses supped in the further dusk  
and dew;  
The gnats flocked round the smoke like idlers as they  
were,  
And through the gorse and bushes the owls began to  
churr.

An ell above the woods the last of sunset glowed  
With a dusky gold that filled the pond beside the  
road;  
The cricketers had done, the leas all silent lay,  
And the carrier's clattering wheels went past and died  
away.

*The Christian Science Monitor.*

*Edmund Blunden.*

## IN COW COUNTRY.

### I. Processional.

Who bends down willows to make his bed,  
And watches the high night by,  
Will find that more stars pass overhead  
That he dreamed were in the sky.

### II. Mountain Voices.

Bronze lustering, essential of the peak  
And rock-rent cloud,  
Is in their voices when they speak  
To you aloud:  
To tell you fifteen dogies are enough  
For any sway-back bridge . . .  
Or that from here you cross the mesa bluff  
And follow nine mile up the right fork ridge . . .  
Or that the bigger brands do well  
Because when hair grows long and mats in fall,  
Most generally a man can tell  
His own right thru the hair and get them all . . .  
Or how Shep tried to heel a porcupine  
And lost both eyes . . .  
And when they speak there is an old design  
Of good simplicities  
And low-drawled mellowness in what they say,  
Enough to hold you when you walk  
Some aspen trail alone . . . or come away  
Again to where the city people talk.

### III. Prairie Dog.

We look big-eyed and high-eyed . . . ineffably dull,  
And our foreheads slant like the Neanderthal skull.  
And we sit and we chatter and curl up our wrists,  
Complacent as roundly paunched capitalists,  
We believe that efficiency comes before pleasure,  
We're patriots, too . . . in conservative measure.  
We hold that success is the ultimate test.  
In a word . . . that all popular things are the best.

But funny! No cord tire  
Ever seems to mess up the chipmunks,  
Yet they do get us right frequently.

*The Rocky Mountain News. Thomas Hornsby Ferril.*

## BEYOND THE HILL.

Beyond the hill there are richer meadows and clearer  
waters and warmer skies ;  
Beyond the hill, where the lazy shadows go drifting  
over when daylight dies.  
When earth is only a shadow's seeming, the echoing  
ghost of a voice long still,  
Night long I know that my heart is dreaming of fair  
lands sleeping beyond the hill.

Beyond the hill there is less of sorrow and less of  
terror and less of pain ;  
Each day moves past to a glad tomorrow and dies to  
the dusk of dreams again.  
Men walk less burdened with sin and error ; scorn has  
less power to blight and chill ;  
And hearts are truer and love is fairer and life is finer  
beyond the hill.

Beyond the hill—I have dreamed how often of trails  
that lead to its unknown crest,  
Till the path winds down and the harsh crags soften,  
and I come at last to the end of the quest.  
Day long I gaze at the steeps that sever my ways from  
the way of my vagrant will.  
I have sought how far, but I find it never—that trail  
that beckons beyond the hill.

*The New York Sun.*

*Ted Olsen.*

## OUTDOOR LIFE.

Outdoor life's a wondrous thing  
When poets all about it sing.  
It's nice to read about in books,  
And all right as to outward looks.  
In real life, it is a fright,  
With mice and bats abroad at night,  
With caterpillars, snakes, and slugs,  
A million different kinds of bugs  
Including spiders, ants, and flies,  
And lady-bugs with staring eyes.  
Mean threatening wasps and buzzing bees  
Play havoc with a fellow's ease.

The beaches are alive for fair  
With sand-fleas hopping everywhere,  
With crabs that crawl, and clams that squirt,  
And skeeter bugs that bite and hurt.  
This outdoor life is surely fine,  
But quiet city days for mine.

*The Bellingham Herald.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

### OCTOBER ROSES.

'Neath Southern skies the summer lingers long;  
The gentle after-glow seems loth to die;  
The happy birds still thrill the air with song,  
And softer radiance tints the autumn sky.

The cooler air new hope and joy imparts;  
With strength renewed we tread with firmer feet  
Each rugged path, and in our thankful hearts  
Revives the thought that life is good and sweet.

October roses burst in richer bloom,  
And sturdier, more enduring than in spring;  
Upon the bracing air their rich perfume,  
With rarer sweetness, lavishly they fling.

Our roses, Dear, sweet springtime hopes, are fled;  
Too soon they bloomed, perchance, for us to keep;  
Their petals, all too frail, are brown and dead,  
And buried in our heart's recesses deep.

And parched and desert-like the summer seemed,  
No hope, no help, no joy within our sight;  
No cool refreshing spring beyond us gleamed,  
No flower to cheer us with its beauty bright.

But autumn days have brought us clearer skies;  
Dead thoughts, dead hopes, dead joys to which we  
cling  
We cast aside, and, lifting up our eyes  
See sweeter roses bloom than in the spring!  
*The Raleigh News and Observer. Minnie Custis Waite.*

## WILDCAT BILL.

Old Bill Jacks was the gamest guy  
That lived in Oklahoma—  
Naught on earth would fire his eye  
Like a crude oil aroma;  
He'd drill a hole most any place  
In this whole wide creation  
And if 'twas dry he'd mop his face  
And try a new location.

Old Bill had drilled a hundred holes  
All up and down the prairie—  
Such luck as his would kill our souls  
But he still seemed quite merry;  
He spent his scads without a kick  
And labored like a coolie—  
He'd cheerfully take any trick  
From roustabout to toolie.

Old Bill got short and hit the bank  
For bucks to sink a gusher—  
He promised then and there, right frank,  
He shortly would be flusher;  
This hole, said he, is on the top  
Of structures quite tremendous—  
If she cuts loose she'll never stop  
Producin' most stupendous.

His neighbors chaffed the poor old jay  
And dubbed him Wildcat Willie—  
But Bill kept drillin' every day  
While people thought him silly;  
And then one day 'bout 6 o'clock  
They recognized their error—  
For William's drill dropped through the rock  
And struck a holy terror.

It run his tanks plumb full of oil  
And filled up all the ditches—  
It made the rubber-neckers boil  
To figure up Bill's riches;  
He salted down a million cold,  
As said in modern lingo—  
But still he's drilling as of old—  
He's Wildcat Bill, by jingo!

## SONGS OF THE SLUMS.

### Residue.

My faith has been lost that somewhere I knew,  
    My kinship with other things,  
The creed that a bone is a bone for two,  
    And wider rememberings.  
I sieve from the ashes, where once was fire,  
    The things of the lowest slums,  
The refuse of rags, the midden of mire,  
    What the birds know not for crumbs!

And sometimes I sieve, like a farther drought,  
    A memory I would forswear—  
In the nakedness of a long without,  
    No beggar this thing would dare!  
But it comes to me in this foisened red,  
    And I sieve its ashes alone;  
Oh, it comes to me in its heart-blood said,  
    And I sieve what I cannot own!

*The Charlottesville Progress.*

*Virginian Stait.*

## THE CREEPING DEATH.

(Based on the Nevada laws providing for the execution of criminals by the use of lethal gas.)

Within that House,  
a little concrete House  
with a flat roof,  
a long, narrow window,  
a window where the watchers stood,  
curious, morbid watchers,  
waiting to see a man die,  
and a door that closes tight,  
tight as the top on a fruit jar,  
Men bound me to a chair,  
bound me with leathern thongs  
so tightly that I could not move.

\* \* \* \* \*

They looked on me as though  
I was an overgrown Gopher  
or a Rat in a Trap,

not a Man.  
and left me there, alone,  
bound to the chair,  
closing the door  
as they went.

\* \* \* \* \*

I heard a sharp sucking sound  
as though a tight-seated valve  
had been suddenly loosed—  
then silence,  
heart-breaking silence.

\* \* \* \* \*

A Creeping Thing,  
cold as dead hands,  
unseen, unheard,  
but clammy and cold and  
creeping swiftly,  
came through the silence,  
laid its icy fingers on my flesh ;  
the odor of the grave,  
dank as mists over a swamp,  
assailed my nostrils ;  
creeping, creeping, ever creeping  
toward my heart ;  
the cold fingers froze my blood—  
I was Dead !

\* \* \* \* \*

I stood apart—the Soul of Me—  
and saw the watchers at the window,  
the curious, morbid watchers,  
as they nodded their heads  
the one to the other.

I heard a rushing, hissing sound  
and the clammy Creeping Thing,  
its Devil's mission done,  
went as swiftly as it had come,  
taking with it the odor of the grave.

\* \* \* \* \*

The door swung back,  
men unbound my body from the chair,  
straightened out my limbs.  
The Creeping Thing had come,  
was gone,  
I was dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was a Murderer.  
I had killed a Man.

Society killed me.  
Is Society a Murderer?

The crime I had done is punished.  
My body has been killed by Society.  
Thank God My Soul Still Lives.

*The Casper Daily Tribune.*      *E. Richard Shipp.*

### THE PHANTOM OF DREAMS.

The phantom of dreams is a mystic thing  
That glides in the grey of the moon.  
Its song in the boughs of the willows sing  
Of firmaments blue at noon,  
Of gold at the rim of the world of day,  
And opal beneath the sea.  
Its goal is the edge of the far-away—  
But yet it belongs to me.  
The phantom of dreams is the glowing soul  
That guides us and draws us far,  
And beckons us on to the heart-sought goal  
That touches the silvered star.  
The dreamers pursue it, and know not why  
Such visions of joy abound.  
The clouds, born of failure, will pass us by  
If phantoms of dreams are found.

*The Town Crier.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

### THE BLIZZARD.

The sky is dark with racing clouds,  
Wind-driven, sombre grave and black;  
The shrieking driver plies the lash  
And urges on his flying pack.  
Ice-flecked and snorting, on they speed  
Across the snow-enshrouded world;  
The trees bend low and moan in fear.  
The tyrant wind-god's spears are hurled  
Against the earth's unshielded breast—  
Each stinging lance with war-cry cast;  
And earth a shackled slave must stay  
Until this despot's rule has passed.

*The Omaha Bee.*

*Whitelaw Saunders.*

## EIGHTEEN-NINETY.

The old Cowman,  
cross-legged, sat before the fire ;  
like oak-tanned leather  
his smooth-shaven face shone  
in the flickering light.  
His Boys sat round and smoked.

He talked in quiet, level tone,  
nor raised his voice ;  
what he Said he meant,  
What he Did Not Say they Knew he Meant.

Damn the sheep !  
They've ruined the range—  
dug the grass out by the roots.

"There's a bunch bedded down  
over to the west  
a mile or so from here,  
not far from Red Canyon,  
it drops straight down  
a hundred feet or more.

"Had some cows go over there once,  
we didn't even get the hides.

"It's a bad place for stock  
when they go on stampede.

"The hosses ain't tired,  
little exercise won't hurt 'em none.

"Think I'll roll in ;  
good-night, boys, and,  
well,  
Damn the sheep."

*The Casper Tribune.*

*E. Richard Shipp.*

## GIFTS.

I wandered through the valley with a merry, jesting  
lad,  
He taught my grave lips laughter, he made my dull  
heart glad,  
He gave my body youth, and made my sober spirit mad.

I climbed the towering mountain with an eager,  
glowing boy,  
He showed my dim eyes beauty, my sorry conscience,  
joy,  
He found my soul—a radiant thing that age cannot  
destroy.

I parted on the hilltop, from an earnest, quiet man,  
He gave my voice a song, a word, the Universe to span,  
And I—I bound his winged dreams to earth, as  
woman can.

*The Albany Sunday Democrat. Sarah Hammond Kelly.*

### THE FRAGRANCE OF THE LILY.

(Dedicated to a Dear Old Ursuline Nun and Former Teacher.)

The fragrance of the lily next her heart  
Ascends like incense wafted to her soul;  
Her feet tread not a path to earthly goal—  
This nun, who lives in sweet communion apart—  
In flights celestial, guided by his chart,  
Through mystic realms, soars heavenward the whole  
Day long—envoy of love, for him who stole  
Her virgin heart, and chose it from the start.

With visions of her spouse, the Saviour blest—  
In convent-cell all glorified and bright,  
After a day well-spent at his behest  
And basking in his love, content to rest—  
The morrow finds her fresh for further flight  
With pinions light to gain a greater height.

*The Cleveland Universe.*                   *Marie Tello Phillips.*

### IN AUTUMN.

The muscadines are ripening one by one,  
Maples and gums are all ablaze,  
The fields are like a topaz in the sun  
Whose beauty holds me in amaze.

And hour by hour the crimson flame leaps higher,  
And quickly spreads from tree to tree,  
And lo, I see a presence in the fire,  
And hear the silence speak to me.

*The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*                   *J. R. Moreland.*

### AN ETCHING.

The moon has cast a shadow on the ground,  
A quivering arabesque of tangled leaves,  
Its beauty holds me, a Prometheus bound.  
I hear a song—as that the wood-thrush weaves  
Deep in the forest's heart. The winds at play  
With rolling clouds obscure the sickle moon;  
The shadow flees, like youth that goes so soon;  
And I, unshackled, go upon my way.  
But etched upon my heart the shadow stays,  
A dream for gray and sullen winter days.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Whitelaw Saunders.*

### THE HOPE CHEST.

Brass vases from Benares,  
With curions designs—  
You'll wonder at the Indian  
Who drew the slender lines.

This little box of lacquer  
I found in Mandalay,  
And, thinking you would like it,  
I carried it away.

A table spread and doilies,  
Embroidered in Kashmir—  
A loveliness of silken things  
I'm sending you from here.

Our hopes are bound together,  
And I know you'll be true  
Until the day when seas no more  
Shall separate us two.

*The Chicago Daily Tribune.*

*Wayne Gard.*

### THE CHRISTMAS STAR.

Upon a still and starry night  
Whose very stillness thrilled  
The watch of centuries—the night  
When hope would be fulfilled—  
Thru silent skies  
A starlight flies  
That God Eternal willed.

While eager eyes first caught its ray  
To ages long denied—  
Unlike the night, unlike the day,  
But glory glorified—  
Thru singing skies  
Hope verifies  
That earth is now its sway.

Around heaven high the chorus rang,  
Until earth, too, was filled,  
For men joined angels as they sang—  
So much their hearts were thrilled—  
'Neath star bright skies  
The harmonies  
No centuries have stilled.

*The Chicago Evening Post.*

*Charles A. Heath.*

#### THE TORCH OF LIFE BEYOND.

For opportunity he prayed till Fate  
Allured him to the ever-open gate  
Between whose solemn portals pour  
The silenced throngs abandoning earth's treasured  
store;  
He saw the foot-worn exit, open wide.  
He'd prayed for opportunity. He died  
Smiling. He'd seen with inspiration clear  
That effort fruitens over There, not Here.  
*The Oakland Tribune.*                   *Claudius Thayer.*

#### MY SASSAFRAS TREE.

My sassafras tree  
You mean to me  
More than my verse can say.  
Your color bright is in my sight.  
Reason for spirits gay.

When carking care  
Would have me wear  
A frown that all can see,  
Your crimson leaves fair magic weaves,  
My lovely sassafras tree.

My lips would shrink,  
I would not drink  
    Of your balsamic tea—  
But by your grace you clear my face—  
    My tonic sassafras tree!

*The Montgomery Advertiser.*    *Mary Tarver Carroll.*

#### TO A BUZZARD SWINGING IN SILENCE.

I never knew how fair a thing  
Was freedom, till I saw you swing,  
Ragged, exultant, black and high  
    Against a hollow, windy sky.  
You that with such a horrid gait,  
Lumbers and flops with red, raw pate.  
I never knew how beauty grew  
From ugliness until you flew  
With soaring, somber, steady beat  
Of wings, rough-edged to grip the fleet  
Far-coursing horses of the sky,  
To ride, to ride them gloriously.  
Oh, brother buzzard, you whose sin  
On earth is to be shackled in  
To horror, teach me how to go  
Like you, to beauty, sure and slow;  
Like you, to slip such carrion ties  
And lift and lift to high clean skies,  
Where winds and sun and silence ride,  
Like you, oh, buzzard, glorified.

*The Miami Herald.*    *Marjory Stoneman Douglas.*

#### MY PETITION.

Give me, dear Lord, a chain of thoughts  
That's pure and true.  
Give me courage  
And the deepest calm,  
A perfect poise,  
Strength to endure.  
Give me a heart to love,  
A quiet mind,  
Give me a wreath of flame,  
Let me reflect thy light,  
Then give me peace and rest  
When cometh night.

*The Montgomery Advertiser.*    *Kate Downing Ghent.*

## TO ETHEL—WINDING YARN.

If I could spin my days and years  
    Into a ball of wool,  
I'd give my laughter and my tears  
    To make it beautiful.

Then maybe on your slim white hands  
    You'd wind the glancing thread,  
And feel my kiss in warm, soft strands  
    Long after I am dead.

*The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.*

*Virginia Taylor McCormack.*

## AN OLD MINER'S STORY.

When I drifted into Georgetown  
    (So long ago I hate to think)  
        She was the liveliest minin' camp  
I'd hit, travelin' up an' down—  
    Why, I didn't have to buy a drink  
        And me nothin' more than a tramp.

This hotel, 'twas Louie DuPuy's—  
    His name is there, over the door—  
        Was fine as money could make it.  
Louie was French, but he was wise;  
    Sleep in bed, sleep on the floor,  
        You paid—Louie always got his bit.

I "swamped" for Louie, with a "Chink"  
    Helpin' me, for about a year,  
        Cleanin' spittoons and scrubbin' floors  
For my sleepin', eatin' an' drink,  
    Then I quit him—quit clean an' clear—  
        Went prospectin' an' lived out doors.

We staked a claim, me an' the "Chink"—  
    He was a good pard, always fair,  
        Doin' his part like he was white—  
It was him made me quit the drink.  
    We sold the claim—'twas share and share—  
        And bought Louie out that very night.

Them was the days when men played cards.

They'd play all day an' play all night.

They'd play 'em fast an' play 'em high;  
Hard game? Sure—Broke men don't have pards—

All Jacks an' square, only damn tight;

The feller what won had to buy.

Louie always had a lot of girls

Workin' in the Bar an' Dance Hall—

Painted Lilies, poor things, low necks,

Powder, musk, short skirts, hair in curls,

Some short an' fat, some slim an' tall,

Miserable bold, brazen wrecks.

Kate was boss of the girls an' hall,

Kept 'em workin', never a row.

Good woman—worth her weight in gold—

Don't think a man's got any call

To say a woman's bad nohow,

Most men is worse till they git old.

Red Tex was the Devil's own son.

Yellow teeth, thick lips hangin' slack,

Shifty catgreen eyes, and mean. Well

His soul (if he ever had one)

Was warped and twisted, burned black

By the smoulderin' fires of Hell.

Long Sandy was Scotch, unafraid,

Honest Highland Scotch, steel-blue eyes,

Tight-fisted, red beard an' black hair;

The kind of man who always made

The best of life; whose future lies

In his dreams that see all things fair.

Red's girl was a little half Mex.

(The way she loved him was a crime.)

He was drunk and hit her one night—

Long Sandy yelled: "Stop it, Tex!

You've beat her up for the last time!"

We all took cover—that meant fight.

Both guns flashed, I heard just one shot,

A fall, a scream and running feet,

Then silence. The girl held his head;

He lay there, a great red blood clot

On his temple—he'd gone to meet

The wrath of God—Red Tex was dead.

Face down on the floor, Sandy lay,  
A stiletto sticking in his side—  
Red's bullet had never touched him—  
He wasn't dead an' asked me to pray.  
I didn't know how, broke down an' cried ;  
The "Chink" sang a Mission School hymn.

We dug one grave under the pines  
An' put 'em both in, side by side—  
The Mex. girl hung herself that night.  
She's up there, just where the sun shines.  
After that the camp lost its stride.  
The mines quit, the mills shut down tight.

Kate an' me got married that fall,  
Made things right for our girl an' boy.  
I'm Gran'pap now an' Kate's Gran'maw ;  
The boys is clean an' straight an' tall,  
An' the girls—Lord they are a joy—  
Little darlings without a flaw.

Summer time they all come up here  
An' stay with us until snow flies.  
We don't visit 'em much in town.  
The air's choky, ain't sweet an' clear,  
Water ain't pure, can't see the skies,  
Then folks all just race up an' down.

We love these big hills that God made ;  
The sweet smell of the spruce an' pine  
An' the hymn the creek sings all day.  
"Chink"—that's him down there in the shade—  
He's been Kate's good angel and mine,  
We'll miss him when he goes away.

Soon folks begun to move away,  
The "Chink" an' me an' Kate stayed here—  
We ain't sorry, though times is slow,  
For the Old Camp'll come back some day.  
When she does we'll be in the clear.  
Come back? It's the surest thing I know !

*The Casper Daily Tribune.*

*E. Richard Shipp.*

## ON OWNING FOUR BLACK AND WHITE KITTENS.

What are these galloping sable tornadoes  
With pinwheeling tails, who've invaded my quiet?  
What's this festoon of befurred desperadoes  
That hops and curvets in a black and white riot?  
Why do they squeak and they romp and they scrabble?  
Why do they canter all day on my floor?  
Why do I suffer this small, soft mad rabble?  
Why should catastrophe visit my door?

Why should a wobble-legged, crazy-eyed kitten  
Reduce the whole house to a whirl and a wreck?  
Why should the chairs all look scratched and be  
bitten?  
Why should the best vase be cracked in the neck?  
Why should the window shade tassel be chewy?  
Why should no rocking chair ever be rocked?  
Why should I rouse me, when morn is yet dewy,  
To let in catalysis, deviltry stocked?

One streak of black lightning has lit on the table,  
Three pairs of white hind legs are scratching the  
mat,  
A squeak and a rush and a scrabble. You're able  
In time to dash hotly to rescue your hat.  
They climb up the chair backs and swing from the  
curtain,  
They nose dive from couches and wrestle and fight.  
Oh, madness and softness and fire, I'm certain,  
Are parents of catapults, wild black and white.  
*The Miami Herald.*      *Marjory Stoneman Douglas.*

## CHILDREN.

Plucky little voyagers  
On life's uncertain sea—  
So high your joyous courage,  
So clear your hearts, and free!

Seasoned sailors oft complain,  
With troubles in full view;  
Instead of trusting surely  
The Captain of the crew!

*The Davenport Times.*      *Jay G. Sigmund.*

## REFLECTIONS.

He looked at me with eyes askance,  
I gave him back glance for glance.  
He smiled with a flash of teeth so white,  
I gave him a smile as bright.  
He patted his frills and examined with care  
    The lace of his dainty cuff.  
Then, with a studiedly languid air,  
    He tendered his box of snuff.  
I patted my frills, examined my lace,  
    Offered my snuff as languidly,  
And then with steady and narrowed gaze,  
    Critical eye met eye.  
Then he drew his sword with a flourish  
    And bowed mockingly to me.  
I drew my sword with a flourish  
    And bowed as mockingly.  
Then he sheathed his sword with a ringing clang,  
    And swung about on his heel.  
I sheathed and swung, but no sound rang  
    Of gilded hilt on steel.

She came to me so sweet and fair,  
With her low cut bodice and high piled hair,  
And though her face was fresh and young,  
Though she was the mistress of toast and song,  
Her hair was powdered with snow of years,  
Diamonds gleamed in her small ears.  
As she patched her right cheek with movement deft,  
I put a patch on my left.  
She drew close, pursing her lips at me,  
    And exhaling a faint perfume.  
I pursed my lips the same as she,  
    Though unscented was my costume.  
Then she dropped me a graceful courtesy  
    With a frou-frou of silken things.  
I curtsied to her as gracefully,  
    But there were no rustlings.  
With a glance at me over her shoulders,  
    She trailed away over the floor.  
I glanced at her over my shoulder  
    And left by the opposite door.

No elusive fay ever smiled at me  
As she danced in the moonbeams shy,  
For only the fancies my eye can see  
That glow in the human eye.  
And the nearest that I ever came  
To looking upon a sprite  
Was once, when gone was the sun's last flame  
And the lamps were just alight.  
Then through the door in front of me  
A little woeful figure lagged.  
A big rag doll, disgustedly,  
By one fat leg she dragged.  
Tears still trembled on her wet lids,  
Her cheeks showed an angry red,  
And what she was thinking was shocking,  
For she had been sent to bed.  
She eyed me, frowning ferociously,  
Looking me through and through,  
Then stuck out her little pink tongue at me  
And, as all small girls do,  
I scowled as ferociously as she  
And stuck my tongue out, too.

Oh, I am the master Mimic,  
My reflection I treasure well,  
But I am a pantomimic,  
So in words I could never tell  
Of the gallant forms, and the lovely,  
That have gleamed in my shining face.  
I should have to have them before me  
To show you their swords and lace.  
Of all those varied reflections  
I've given back look for look.  
I've looked as good as the best of them  
And as bad as the blackest crook.  
I've seen patch and powder and jeweled swords,  
High stock and strapped pantaloon,  
Valets and serving maids, ladies and lords,  
Even the rays of the moon.  
My smile is cracked, but I still can laugh  
At the thought of all I've seen.  
And what a composite photograph  
I would make for a magazine!

Here in the attic, out of use,  
I am doomed to the life of an old recluse.  
My reflections are shallow? But reflect  
How I suffer from this neglect.  
If I were so deep that thoughts would sink  
Into my heart as acid ink  
Sinks into thinnest paper. Then  
What a queer sight for gods and men  
Would be the tracery of my mind.  
Then I'd be useless to all mankind.  
As you can plainly see,  
Now, even though cracked, I'm truthful,  
And, even though broke, I'm honest  
And, give back faithfully.

There's a big, black spider in front of me  
And he is weaving industriously  
Across my once bright, shining face  
A web of filmy, gossamer lace,  
Whose delicate threads of warp and weft  
Will veil my looks from sight.  
And he is beginning his web on the left,  
So I'll start mine on the right.

*The New Canaan Advertiser.*

*Orville Leonard.*

### DAVID.

Get ye gone from me—ye who have heard  
The swift messenger's word:  
“Uriah, the Hittite, is slain!”  
And who knows that the stain  
Of his death rests on me.  
Get you gone, leave me here, on the roof  
Where I waited for tidings and proof  
Of the death that my breath did decree.  
(A brave death, and he never knew  
The king 'twas that slew.)  
Leave me here, where I first did espouse  
The woman whose white body's grace  
Caused my blood to course with the pace  
Of a runner's, to whom earth and sky  
Is the taut bow from whence he doth fly—

An arrow that's marked for a place.  
Fear ye not that I be left alone,  
For over my shoulder leans one  
Who hath slung, on a time, a smooth stone;  
And one whose brave song to the king  
Made phantoms of evil take wing.  
One who spared his great enemy, Saul,  
Aye, the relentless king—  
For I am compact of these all,  
And yet, to his death I did fling  
A man who owned too fair a thing.

For in me there are many, as master is each  
He will sing, he will slay, he will grasp beyond reach.  
And which should be punished, and which should be  
praised:

He who another's altar hath razed,  
Or he who hath girded the giant's great sword  
To wage the just wars of the terrible Lord?  
Jehovah! Whose nostrils breathe thunder, whose eyes  
Flash the swift lightning that cleaveth the skies.  
Who carries before him the sun as a shield,  
The moon as a torch o'er the sky's darkened feld  
Jehovah! Who whispers in storm, speaks in flame,  
Whose might and whose glory the nations proclaim.

Tell me not of the fray—  
Hath the messenger said  
Aught save: "He's dead,  
Who stood in thy way?"  
That I'll hear ever, as ever I hear  
The chant that e'en now resounds in mine ear  
To the cymbals, the tambours, the dulcimer's strain:  
"David, the Captain, ten thousand hath slain."  
How the people rejoiced! And in me was no dread  
Of the wrath of the Lord for the sake of those dead.  
But for this single death, for this deed abhorred,  
He surely will smite me, the terrible Lord!

*The American Hebrew.*

*Julia Glasgow.*

## ONLY ONE FRIEND.

Only one friend, by my soul possessed,  
Only one friend, was I, then, not blessed?  
Joys of my heart to him were revealed;  
Hidden were sorrows so gently healed  
By just one friend, to whom I confessed  
My dreams of life, e'en the worst and best.

Shared he my praise, or the greatest blame,  
My paths to failure, or road to fame.  
As a flower's shade grows less and less  
By the warm touch of the sun's caress—  
So by the magic of this one's smile,  
Burdens were changed into things worth while.

Power of grief, through simple sympathy's charm,  
Lost all of its dreaded chance to harm.  
Only one friend, in the days gone by,  
Now, they are numbered as birds that fly.  
But all of these would I gladly lend,  
For just one smile from my only friend.

*The Healdton Herald.*

*Virginia Smyth Nolen.*

## TODAY.

Today—she spoke!  
The wind stopped sighing  
Through the trees.  
The birds aloft were silent with the breeze.  
The very flowers seemed to lean  
Toward her in  
Adoring ecstasy:  
The cricket stopped its merry chirp  
The fireflies flickered softly by.  
The whole world seemed  
Hushed, as if by her voice  
—Oh, wondrous melody.  
For she's five months old today!

*The White Plains Daily Reporter.*

*Jack Hyatt, Jr.*

## WHAT IS GOD?

I watched a little child one day,  
A little maid of four,  
While sitting with her dolls at play  
Upon the nursery floor.  
Unconscious all of things untrue,  
She told them what she'd heard  
Of wicked goblins, fairies, too,  
Believing every word.  
Oh, days that are as fine-wrought gold,  
Oh, halcyon days of youth,  
In answer to the question old,  
I found that God is truth.

I watched the roses bud and bloom  
And shed their fragrance sweet,  
To banish doubt, dispel the gloom,  
And weary travelers greet.  
I watched the drooping violet by  
The daisy in her pride,  
The wondrous trees, the azure sky :  
In ecstacy I cried,  
“Oh, sky sublime, oh, tree, oh, flower,  
Oh, teach me, too, my duty  
And let me feel from hour to hour  
That God indeed is beauty.”

I watched a mother old and gray  
Bowed down with grief and care,  
For sons and daughters far away,  
She breathed a constant prayer,  
That they might all some day be brought  
Back to her arms again—  
Those happy girls and boys she sought  
To shield from every pain.  
Oh, mother-heart, this gift of thine  
Was sent from heaven above.  
I know He gave such love divine,  
I know that God is love.

*The Raleigh News and Observer.*      *Ellen M. Brooks.*

## THE FATEFUL YEAR: 1922.

O year, thou very atom, though last born,  
Of what, seeking to measure, men call Time,  
Inscrutable and spanless! What vast morn  
Breaks on our world with that first chime  
Of the wide welcoming throats of myriad bells  
Wherewith our joy acclaims thee? In thy womb  
What taketh shape? Some slakeless brood of hells  
To fill our devastation and last doom,  
Wrought by our own insensate hand and brain  
Through deviltries of air and underseas?  
Or God's bequest of Peace, stupendous gain  
Measurable but by mankind's anguished pleas  
Unanswered through the centuries distraught  
Since men first feared and hated; its decree  
Framed by the mighty, to the ungracious taught,  
Till all earth's folk, obeying, rise up free?

\* \* \* \* \*

If, then, the womb of this New Year  
Be big with our own weal or woe,  
Let us upon its threshold here  
Within prayer's sanctuary go.  
Yet not as helpless suppliants we;  
Rather as craftsmen resolute  
Of Peace's temple, whose roof-tree  
The world's arch-architects, astute  
And seasoned, seek on this our soil  
To raise to heaven! So we pray  
Their souls stay equal to the task,  
Nor falter in a weak dismay  
Because among them some now ask—  
Some fallen to their first poor fear—  
With lessened zeal, for narrower toil,  
Nor see the ruin they bring near!

Then, on this threshold of the year  
Let all within the Temple bow,  
That man be swayed by faith, not fear,  
And hand to Peace the sceptre now.  
Now must he measure to his sphere;  
The Ages' portent shades his brow!  
Now must the god in him appear,  
His vision and his will endow!

*The New York Times.*      *Herman Montagu Donner.*

## THE WIRE STRINGER.

When I was stringing wires in No Man's Land  
(I'm driving a laundry wagon now),  
Stringing wires from listening posts, from batteries,  
from headquarters—  
I used to get so much kick out of them trying to pot me  
With rifles and machine guns and shells.  
It's right good fun being a rabbit in a rabbit hunt  
If you get by with it,  
And can snicker at the stung hunters.  
And I always did get by somehow,  
By the edge of my eyebrows  
And the skin of my teeth.

Great old days!  
Them potting away at me,  
And me skipping in and out of shell holes:  
Why, I kept a card index of them shell holes in my  
mind—  
I knew every one for miles,  
And watched for new ones all the time—  
Against the day when I would need them.  
Comes a barrage—and me—  
Snug in a shell hole smoking a cigaret.  
All done—and out I jump  
Still with two arms and two legs and nose and toes  
and everything,  
And I wave my arms  
And throw my head back laughing,  
Laughing, laughing, laughing, laughing  
At their durned old shells that couldn't touch me!  
(I'm driving a laundry wagon now.)

*The New York Herald.     Mary Carmack McDougal.*

## MY BOOK-SHOP.

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—a funny little Book-  
Shop—

A sunny little Book-Shop in some secluded street—  
A place serene and quiet, secure from noise and riot!  
I'd like to keep a Book-Shop where you and I could  
meet!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—a lazy little Book-  
Shop—

A crazy little Book-Shop to browse in every day!  
The fine old first editions should have the best  
positions—

But I would never sell a book—just GIVE them all  
away!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop, a funny little Book-  
Shop—

A sunny little Book-Shop for You—and You—and  
You!

And oh, the friends you'd see there! You'd ALWAYS  
want to be there!

I'd like to keep a Book-Shop—THAT'S what I'd  
like to do!

*The Des Moines Register.*

*Helen Cowles LeCron.*

## ON BEYOND.

*“Some day we may know in advance just what life  
we will lead in the world beyond.”—Sir Arthur Conan  
Doyle.*

Leave it as a sporting chance  
Through the shadow-guarded gates,  
Just a last shot at Romance  
Where the Great Adventure waits.  
Let the curtain stay until  
We have said “Good-by, old scout,”  
With a last look from the hill  
Where the gray road wanders out.

We have often seen how life  
Might grow stale along the road;  
Sorrow, struggle, greed and strife,  
Old age with its heavy load;  
Then, as some far light might gleam  
We can look, apart from fear,  
Some day to a newer dream  
On beyond the Last Frontier.

If the road ends at the grave,  
How may that be called forlorn?  
Dreamless sleep for all the brave,  
For the weary and the worn;  
If it wanders throughout space,  
Who would know it in advance?  
Hear the true-hearts of the race,  
"Leave it as a sporting change!"

*The Asheville Citizen.*

*Grantland Rice.*

### THE HINDU MAIDEN.

Her feet, light leaves of lotus on the lake,  
When with the passing breeze they gently shake;  
Her movements, graceful as the swan that laves  
His snowy plumage in the rippling waves;  
Love's pointed darts,—her smiles, soft lightnings are,  
Than gold more bright, more sweet than flower-fed air,  
Like Heaven unbinding its star-braided hair.

(From the Hindi.)

From regions Himalayan, warmths all lost,  
Where scarce the hardiest herb e'er braves the frost,  
To the low meadows, balmiest sighs we hear,  
While autumn zephyrs breathe in evening's ear,  
When south winds shake the half extinguished day,  
And shake the hills where twilight's lightning's lay,  
Ere day upon the threshold of the dawn,  
Heard silver music on the mossy lawn,  
As rain, invisible did ever sing,  
And the melodious dew from fountains bring,  
Which out of mossy cells forever burst,  
And quench for man and beast the parching thirst,  
'Neath smokeless altars of the mountain snow—  
Deaf as the sea, the waters ever flow;  
Her dark locks swept the bosom of the stream  
That whispered with delight to bear her dream,  
Like summer's hair, like light from beams above,  
All things transfigured were, excepting Love.

*The Springfield Union.*

*Perry Marshall.*

## THE "LOCUSTS."

Out of the teeming earth or air by swarms,

Out of some vague dimension seeming born,  
Come groves of winged, wierd, misshapen forms.

What are these creatures? Can you hear that horn

Blowing from dawn till dusk? The sound deceives—

The concert pitch of the Egyptian choir  
Singing "Pharaoh, Pharaoh," up among the leaves.

Sun worshippers, they hail the god of fire,

And chant him on his way across the dome,

Hushing their paean with the fall of dew,  
After an age of groping 'neath the loam,

Producing o'er their heads a crop anew.

Each lunar year and generations one

Upon another that each season brings,  
They seek baptism of the air and sun;

And push above the earth and spread their wings.

Then back they go within a few short weeks,

The living and the dying to the soil,  
The dead to join the dust—the living seeks

The gleby subways for their week of toil.

What ends of Nature do they serve in this

Creation's seventh age, that she retains  
A form of life the world would hardly miss

Among our fauna of the woods and plains?

Sole relics of conditions long forgot,

Back in the planet's childhood, in the past,  
The remnant of some paleozoic lot

Of fossils they were destined to outlast.

In bondage of some ancient habit's role,

They linger past the term of their decay,  
While other forms advancing to some goal

Merge into life and pass them on the way.

In what primeval age—has it been solved?—

By what adverse climatic spells beset,  
Has this race been from lower forms evolved?

Nay, we know not, and Science lisps as yet.

How it has altered thru the early stages  
To form, obeying natural laws' demand,  
The matrix which endures thru later ages  
Unfailing, constant—who can understand?

What is to learn from them? The lesson thus:  
That epochs are but jots in Time's archives;  
The laws that made Cicadas moulded us,  
The worthiest and the fittest that survives.

Gave to the immortal sculptors, Life and Death,  
Our clay into their hands, their careful hands,  
And tho we take the common air in breath,  
What nobler views our sturdy race commands!

AND this: In some late age, Cicada-wise,  
Long after generations of new suns  
And dynasties of gods, we shall arise  
From our earth stage and join the Higher Ones.

*The Jacksonville Daily Courier.*                   *John Kerns.*

#### LINES TO A ONE-PIECE BATHING SUIT.

Oh, garment so shady, they say that no lady  
Could stand for your snugness so trim;  
Than Venus though fairer, they hail her ensnarer,  
With you in the swim.

Though masculine creatures with globular features  
And tummies en silhouette high,  
Can stroll on the beaches, no slender young peaches  
Shall dare meet the eye.

Though ponderous matrons in things built like aprons  
Can drippingly pose in their might,  
The flabby and chestless, the thin-shanked and restless  
Can injure our sight.

You scanty embraces are shocking on graces  
And lovely Dianas in tan;  
The righteous won't spare her whose figure is fairer  
And pleasing to man.

Oh, garment revealing, the delicate feeling,  
So shocked by the limbs that you show  
Marks civilization which the next generation  
Will be shocked at, you know.

*The Miami Herald.*      *Marjory Stoneman Douglas.*

### PREPARE.

Make ready your hearts to receive Him,  
For the dear Babe is now on His way.  
He will soon reach the cattle filled stable,  
His refuge upon Christmas Day.  
There's a hay filled manger in Bethlehem town  
All ready to take in the King of renown.

There is no heart too lowly to take Him,  
For He comes to the rich and the poor  
Alike in His wonderful glory,  
He comes to each waiting heart's door.  
Make ready, the great King is now on His way,  
So prepare Him a dwelling in which He may stay.

*The Buffalo Commercial.*      *Phoebe A. Naylor.*

### TO A PUGILIST.

Swift gliding through the rounds; I see you still  
Under bright lights, your glistening body wet  
And dripping like a swimmer's, with the sweat  
Of your great toil; and as the furious mill  
Grinds fiercely on, I marvel at the skill  
With which you flit from danger, hard beset  
By your blood-covered foe. Tireless, you fret  
Him with your well-aimed batteries until,

Conviction forming with the conflict's trend,  
Thrilled by your sure, compelling mastery  
Of thought and action timed to fine accord,  
The crowd acclaims you victor ere the end,  
Which comes at your swift choosing, suddenly,  
With lightning blows that numb like piercing sword.

*The Milwaukee Journal.*      *Charles Winke.*

## ADVENTURE.

They called it just a book. It came  
At Christmas with the other things.  
They called it just a book . . . To me,  
An eager child, it seemed to be  
A great white ship that sailed the sea—  
A ship with silver wings!

They called it just a book, and said  
'Twas mine to keep. They never knew  
How far from home I fared that year—  
To palm-fringed beaches, white and queer,  
Where swaggered many a buccaneer,  
And opal dreams came true!  
A book . . . They never knew.

*The Des Moines Register.*      *Helen Cowles LeCron.*

## WHAT MATTER?

Somewhere a Malice denies us;  
On Something our spear points are bent;  
Lo, ever the song and the singer  
Are broken and bruised and foresent.

Hourly we die; but what matter?  
New singers shall rise to new hills  
Upon our piled bodies. New beauty  
Shall lift with new meaning. New wills

Shall harvest new light on new hilltops,  
To push through a fraction of night;  
To win but an inch from the darkness;  
To fashion new ways for sight.

Slowly a white trampled Justice  
Moves on through its Calvaried track;  
Enough that we move with its music;  
Enough that we turn not back.

*The New York Times.*

*Mary Seagrist.*

## TWO BY TWO.

Look the morn!  
O what a fine surprise!  
The sun begins to rise,  
The birds begin to sing,  
The vines are shaky things  
With songs and little wings!  
Rosebuds are opening  
On sweet briars for you—  
If you pick one, pick two.  
Rosebuds are opening—  
If you pick one, pick two.

One to another leans,  
Leaf loves a leaf—it's so!  
And bud loves bud—I know!  
And all the loving means  
That flowers say to you—  
“If you pick one, pick two.”

Look the morn!  
The sweet buds opening  
On ev'ry briery thing,  
And bobbing stripey pinks,  
The same dear queerness have,  
The same queer dearness have,  
One to another thinks  
Its loving says to you—  
“If you leave one, leave two.”  
The loving says to you—  
“If you leave one, leave two.”

One to another leans,  
Leaf loves a leaf—it's so!  
And bud loves bud—I know!  
And all the loving means  
To show the joy to you  
Of being two by two.

## PUMAS.

Hushed, cruel, amber-eyed,  
Before the time of the danger of the day,  
Or at dusk on the boulder-broken mountainside,  
The great cats seek their prey.

Soft-padded, heavy-limbed,  
With agate talons chiseled for love or hate,  
In desolate places wooded or granite-rimmed  
The great cats seek their mate.

Rippling, as water swerved,  
To tangled coverts overshadowed and deep  
Or secret caves where the canyon's wall is curved,  
The great cats go for sleep.

Seeking the mate or prey,  
Out of the darkness glow the insatiate eyes,  
Man, who is made more terrible far than they,  
Dreams he is otherwise!

*The New York Evening Post.*

*George Sterling.*

## PATRICIA REED.

The days have gone when the minstrel bards would  
sing their inspiring lays  
And the troubadours are no longer heard as they were  
in the olden days,  
Yet for you who still love a stirring tale of somebody's  
daring deed,  
And of clean romance, I will tune my harp for the tale  
of Patricia Reed.

A child of the old and changing West, she stood in the  
ranchhouse door  
And looked o'er the fields her father'd wrought from  
the desert years before.  
The long brown house of adobe and sod since childhood  
had been her home,  
And the land as far as the eye could see but a place  
for the stock to roam.

The Silver Creek, as 'twas always called for its waters  
of sparkling sheen,  
Had watered the land her father owned and kept all  
his meadows green.  
But the fields she looked out upon this day were brown  
in spots, and the sun  
Glittering down like a brassy ball would scorch e'er  
the day was done.

And where Silver Creek had always laughed and  
sparkled inside its bed  
There was naught but sun-bleached rocks that lay like  
monuments to the dead.  
For men had come from out of the East and had  
quietly bought the right  
To build a reservoir in the hills in a high and lonely  
site.  
Where they dammed the creek that had slacked the  
thirst of the fields of the rancher Reed,  
And of those who lived on down the creek—and their  
plight was sad indeed.  
They had come and slaved for their ranches there as  
pioneer only must,  
And now the law was upholding men who would turn  
their fields to dust.  
For the eastern men demanded they pay prohibitive  
prices to get  
The water rights, or sell their farms at prices the  
company set.

They had formed a syndicate to buy the land that  
scarcely had known the plow,  
And were bringing a bunch of settlers new into the  
valley now.  
Well, most of the settlers struggled along until forced  
to meet the demand,  
Then sold their ranches and left the place to the fat  
promoters of land,  
Who sold the property, well-improved through years  
of patient toil,  
For treble the money that they had paid, and laughed  
at their ill-gained spoil.

But the rancher Reed held stubbornly out, his face  
grew furrowed and lined,  
And he fell one day in the field at work, dizzy, and  
faint and blind;  
And Patricia stood in the door that day with a hot  
rage flushing her cheek,  
Then suddenly strapped on her belt and gun and  
leaped on her mustang sleek.

She rode to a field where Mexican Pete, her father's  
servant for years .  
Was working, and gave him some quick commands and  
laughed when he voiced his fears.  
She showed him her belt and her gun, and said in a  
voice that was steel in tone,  
"We're going to water my daddy's fields—and they  
best had leave us alone."

So she rode to a drop in the company's ditch and then  
she commanded Pete,  
Who was driving a team and plow, to start, for soon  
enough they would meet  
A company rider, and Pete must plow the lateral while  
she stayed  
And kept at bay the company man—and her heart was  
unafraid.

She was not so tall, but she sat so straight and her  
shoulders were square and slim,  
And her eyes and hair were soft and dark and her  
cheeks like a pink cloud's brim.  
Far down the ditch two riders came as Pete let the  
waters in  
With a rush to moisten the thirsty ground, and up  
went Patricia's chin  
As she waited grimly with gun in hand to bicker with  
those who sought  
To keep them from watering drying crops—and her  
features were set and taut.

Young Ferguson just had come from the East to help  
with his father's schemes  
And was riding the ditch that afternoon with the rider,  
and dreaming dreams.  
They saw the girl and the man who plowed and came  
at a swinging pace  
Till they reached a spot where the girl called "Halt!"  
and looked them square in the face;  
Then spoke in ringing and scornful tones, and watched  
their hands at their hips,  
And Ferguson's face burned, not from the sun, at the  
words that fell from her lips:

"I'm taking the water you stole from us with your lies  
and your well-placed gold,  
For the cattle moan and the crops dry up, and father  
has grown too old  
To hunt new fields because you have come and demand  
that he starve or sell.  
So keep away or I'll shoot you both—and there's no  
water rights in Hell."

Then Ferguson turned to the company man, "Is it true  
what the girl has said?  
Have we cheated the early settlers here? Deny them  
the water instead  
Of selling it to them as to the ones the company lately  
brought?"  
"We'd sell them the water," the man replied, "but  
some of 'em raged and fought."

"Yes, you would sell the water to us for more than  
the crops would bring,"  
Patricia said, "And law or not, one move and the  
angels sing."  
But Ferguson stood with his hat in hand and bowed  
like a cavalier,  
"The water is yours as long as you wish," he answered  
in accents clear,  
"And to make quite sure that no one tries to stop what  
you've tried to do,  
I'll send the rider on up the line—and stay by the  
ditch with you."

Oh, his eyes were blue and his hair so dark, waved  
back from his forehead, white,  
And his smile was such that Patricia blushed and  
shoved her gun out of sight.  
And the Reed crops thrived all the season through, for  
the water was ever there,  
Since Ferguson spent all the next few months just  
seeing they got their share.  
But I've often thought had Patricia's hair not been  
such such a lovely shade,  
And her eyes so dark and her lips so red, the man  
might never have stayed

To help her see that her father's crops would not be  
lost, but instead,  
He might have laughed and have gone his way—but  
Patricia and he were wed.  
And the only rights that they quarrel o'er now are the  
rights of young Junior Pat,  
Who insists he's old enough for a gun, but his mother  
denies him that.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Velma West Sykes.*

### LARRIE O'DEE.

Now the widow McGee,  
And Larrie O'Dee,  
Had two little cottages out on the green,  
With just room enough for two pig-pens between.  
The widow was young and the widow was fair,  
With the brightest of eyes and the brownest of hair;  
And it frequently chanced, when she came in the morn  
With the swill for her pig, Larrie came with the corn.  
And some of the ears that he tossed from his hand,  
In the pen of the widow were certain to land.

One morning said he:  
“Och! Misthress McGee,  
It's a waste of good lumber, this runnin' two rigs,  
Wid a fancy petition betwane our two pigs.”  
“Indade, sur, it is!” answered Widow McGee  
With the sweetest of smiles upon Larry O'Dee.  
“And thin, it looks kind o' hard-hearted and mane,  
Kapin' two friendly pigs so exsaidenly near  
That whiniver one grunts the other can hear,  
And yet keep a cruel petition betwane.”

"Shwate Widow McGee,"  
Answered Larrie O'Dee,

"If ye fale in your heart we are mane to the pigs,  
Ain't we mane to ourselves to be running two rigs?  
Och! it made my heart ache whin I paped through the  
cracks

Of me shanty, lasht March, at yez shwingin' yer axe;  
An' a bobbin' yer head an' a-shtompin' yer fate,  
Wid yer purty white hands jisht as red as a bate,  
A-sphlittin' yer kindlin' wood out in the shtorm,  
When one little shtove it would kape us both warm!"

"Now, piggy," said she,  
"Larrie's courtin' o' me,

Wid his delicate tinder allusions to you;  
So now yez must tell jisht what I must do,  
For, if I'm to say yes, shtir the swill wid yer snout;  
But if I'm to say no, ye must kape yer nose out.  
Now, Larrie, for shame! to be bribin' a pig  
By a-tossin' a handful of corn in its shwig!"  
"Me darlint, the piggy says yes," answered he.  
And that was the courtship of Larrie O'Dee.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*W. W. Fink.*

#### AN EVEN SONG.

The fire-flies gleam, the night hawks wheel  
Across the jeweled sky;  
Swift night draws near on noiseless feet,  
The breeze-kissed tree-tops sigh,  
Come fly with me on phantom steeds,  
The night awaits us—fly

Through dim bazaars—by mystic shrines,  
Beloved, our journed leads  
Through Trebizon—grim towered Troy  
And ghostly cloistered Thebes.  
Make haste, Beloved! The spell is on  
As the dim Past recedes.

Come fly with me through spicy isles  
Where pirate proas prey;  
Where sapphire sea meets arching sky  
As dawn fades into day.  
Awake, Beloved, the future's ours;  
Make haste, nor look, nor stay!

*The Kansas City Star.*

*C. H. M.*

## THE FIRE-EATER.

The motor crouches by the country road  
Behind its glaring headlights. When it goes  
It follows, fiercely sucking up, the light  
With purring thirst, and where the headlight showed,  
A moment past, the seething darkness flows.

In blue-black undulating waves of light  
The monster streams away across the night.

A strange fire-eater, eating its own fire  
In gulping haste; the darkness closes in  
Engulfingly, and presses close behind.

The wind goes singing through the vibrant wire,  
The motor, like a flying thing of sin,  
Goes gulping yellow fire along the wind,  
A strange fire-eating thing without a mind.

*The New York Times.*                           *Violet McDougal.*

## EBB TIDE OF THE YEAR.

Do you not see and hear  
Already is the ebb tide of the year,  
Though it should seem no more  
Than a first wave retreating down the shore?  
"No, no," you say, "for still  
Noon empties his hot arrows on the hill;  
And many are the flowers  
And ardent hued to mark the sun bright hours!"

I answer: Though the moon  
Flames on the hill, when has night brought such boon  
Of cooling drink outpoured—  
Deep Sleep—the oldest vintage ever stored;  
While the tree cricket plays,  
Moving his slender wings of chrysophrase,  
And searching is the sigh  
Of the low wind through leaves grown crisp and dry!

And, as for many flowers,  
Look how—like ladies from their windowed towers,  
The bloom creeps ever higher  
On foxglove and on evening primrose spire  
Until the last flower-bell  
With kisses tells aloft its world farewell!

No birds in nests: they fare  
In flocks afar—no mated lovers are there.  
Silver yon stubblefields  
Where her swift shuttle the gray weaver wields.  
Red gold, the great orb'd sun  
Leans yearningly toward earth, day being done.  
Some beauty—past all guards,  
Each evening will be slipping heavenwards!

Summer's old heart is tired,  
Beats fitfully, but Time cannot be hired.  
You will not have it so?  
Too young! These aging signs you will not know!  
More wise—or sad, am I:  
So many a year has bidden me Good-by!

*The New York Herald.*                   *Edith M. Thomas.*

#### HOME.

Two little feet a-pattering down the street,  
Two little hands outstretched in childish glee,  
Two little lips a-puckered for a kiss—  
A welcome that a king might envy me.

A little home to call my very own.  
(How man can love the things that are all his)—  
And at the door your eyes like beckoning stars—  
Thank God for every little home that is.

*The Kansas City Star.*                   *Katherine Edelman.*

#### THE KEY TO SUCCESS.

The key to success is not silver or gold  
It's not made of copper or steel,  
But a longing, a sigh, and a yearning to try,  
A yearning for learning, a burning to try  
To climb to the goal where a soul dwells to bless.  
That, you can see, is the key to success.

The key to success no man ever gave,  
No man ever purchased for gold,  
For it springs from the things that a perfect life brings,  
A willing for stilling the baser thoughts filling,  
To merit our place with the grace we posses,  
And it's free as the sea, is the key to success.

*The Kansas City Star.*                   *Robin A. Walker.*

## HOPES.

Though wintry winds blow cold and drear  
Across the bleak, bare ways,  
I know Spring waits on anxious feet  
The luring, gladsome days.

So, too, when clouds of gloom and doubt  
Oppress and shadow me,  
I know that some time through the clouds  
The star of Faith I'll see.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Katherine Edelman.*

## IN REMEMBRANCE.

(The author of "Green Mansions" died August 18, 1922.)\*

When the clock ticks too loudly, counting the pulse of night,  
When dawn with a face like twilight's comes to the pane,  
Often I open my eyes on your desert of utmost grief,  
O master,  
That soundless plain  
Where a man might sit for a thousand years like a stone,  
Brooding, his head bowed over his knees—  
"In the middle of a vast plain," alone,  
While nights go by like these.

I remember—A misty serpent hung from the cliff,  
That night when at last your fever of journeying broke,  
To wave you back from Roraima.

Ah, if

Her snowy ashes, as light as smoke,  
Mingled with roots and herbs weighed down your heart.

They kindled before your gaze a numbling vision:  
An endless serpent (creature of opulent art!)  
Crawling to match your steps in his cold derision,  
Vengeful for that dark snake that you killed in his sleep,

With the "blue-white, icy, lidless eyes"  
That still in the jungle reproachful vigil keep  
Though the slayer flies.

In the echoing midnight  
    You shouted into the forest for her who would never  
        again be there,  
Finding her wilderness rapture in your Green  
    Mansions—  
    The light at play on her strangely sparkling hair.  
Could it be a race of little "troubadour monkeys,"  
    Strumming up in the boughs, guitar on knee?  
It was only her speech, the tongue of a vanished people  
    Who spoke in a far off time, melodiously:  
A people who went to their end with her, in fire,  
    Whom only you could see.

Green Mansions, leaves of the woods, endure not here.  
    The berries are blazing out on the mountain ash  
In the North where you never came.  
    It is almost time for our humming birds to flash  
Over the Gulf to your land of sleeping flame,  
But following that "low star" past the cruel savanna,  
Your acolyte would find  
Forever rebuilt in the South your murmuring  
    Mansions,  
And undivined  
In many a spirit, green as those leaves forever,  
One tragical story shrined.  
\*W. H. Hudson.

*The New York Evening Post.*                           *Marian Storm.*

### THE SUBWAY ACCIDENT.

You could hear 'em screaming from down under the  
    ground—  
Shrieking and struggling and calling—  
Horrible sounds coming up through the grating of the  
    subway  
Into the bright sunshine of the street—  
Men and women and children, choking and strangling.  
A hundred feet under the ground.

Gassed they was !

And then they was dragged up and stretched out on  
the sidewalks,

Hundreds of 'em—

With doctors and firemen and nurses working over  
'em,

Pumping air into 'em.

Gassed.

And the crowds gathered and jammed around, white,  
they was so excited.

Why, the whole city was just like that—clean white  
with excitement.

Gee ! I couldn't help but think of them days in France  
When men was gassing other men—

On purpose—

Meant to—

Men with lungs just as tender as them folks' lungs in  
the subway.

(But, Gee, you never saw a guy just fresh gassed, did  
you ?

With his awful eyes, and that stuff oozing out of the  
corners of his mouth.)

Say, this is what I mean,

We all done it on purpose, you see—

Gassed each other.

We gassed the Germans to make the world safe—

For something or other.

And they gassed us because they said

We wouldn't let 'em have a place in the sun—

Or something like that.

Anyway, here's what I'm trying to say :

It wasn't no accident then ;

We all done it on purpose.

And everybody said "Hooray!"

(Except the fellows with that stuff oozing out of the  
corners of their mouths.)

Yes, New York said "Hooray," too.

New York didn't wring her hands over them boys that  
was gassed.

(And even now they keep spitting up rotten lungs,  
and dying.)

Oh, it ain't that I'm not sorry for them folks that got  
gassed in the subway—

Only—

Well, folks are just funny, that's all.

*The New York Call.*      *Mary Carmack McDougal.*

### THE OLD MUST PASS.

I feel a better earth is surely coming,

The first streaks of its dawn are in the sky,  
Dark, ancient forms, all bitter and benumbing,  
Will in that clearer era fade and die.

I sense the tumult of the hateful struggle

Waged by the troops of selfishness to hold  
The fortresses wherein their masters snuggle,  
Clutching their bags of ill-begotten gold.

For love, my brothers, was this planet fashioned,  
From love's dear hand it spins the trails of space  
And only love, by noblest dreams impassioned,  
Can brighten it for every human face.

So pray I morn and eve to God, the Planner,  
Whose eye foresees beyond all rims of time,  
To gather soon beneath love's selfless banner  
The misled children of each dusk-wrapt clime.

*The New York Call.*

*Will Chamberlain.*

### A WHIFF OF TAR.

Fresh tar that issues from a bridge new built  
Across a prairie river fringed with trees;  
A scorching summer noon: a cooling breeze;  
A ridge of rosin weeds in gleaming gilt;  
A maiden, galloping her steed full tilt,  
Dismounting with an acrobatic ease;  
A buzzard circling blue, ethereal seas;  
A linnet lighting on a limb to lilt.

What alchemistic life the odors give  
To dead remembrances! I had forgot  
That I possessed this mental negative,  
Snapped many years ago upon the spot,  
Until, removing to a town to live,  
I breathed the paving liquid, melting hot.

*The Sioux City Journal.*

*Willis Hudspeth.*

## AT SEA.

Just rolling, tossing, pitching, with every restless  
swell—  
That mush we ate for breakfast is stirring things up  
well.  
That coffee and those hot cakes are playing tag inside.  
That grape-fruit hears the fishes that live in every tide.  
Just rolling, tossing, pitching—I'd give my Sunday hat  
To have this boat be quiet, or sink right off the bat.  
At first I think I'm dying; then I'm afraid I can't.  
"I'll sail upon the ocean no more, no more!" I chant.  
The spray is splashing madly. The prow dips in the  
foam.  
Tho poor and very humble, there's no place quite like  
home.

*The Seattle Argus.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

## THE COW AND THE PIG AND THE HEN.

The farmer smiled as he passed them by—  
The cow and the pig and the hen;  
For the price of wheat had gone sky-high,  
And the cow and the pig and the hen  
They ate up grain he could sell at the mill,  
They needed his care when nights were chill,  
He swore of them all he'd had his fill —  
The cow and the pig and the hen.

These barnyard cattle had had their day,  
The cow and the pig and the hen.  
He could get thirty bones for a ton of hay—  
No need for the cow or the hen.  
He never would milk another cow,  
He hated the sight of a grunting sow,  
And raising chickens was work for the frau,  
Good-bye to the cow and the hen.

They gave no heed to his jeer or frown,  
The cow and the pig and the hen.  
Whatever goes up, said they, comes down,  
The wise old cow and the hen.  
The hen laid eggs the winter thru,  
The cow gave milk and the piggy grew,  
But hay dropped down from thirty to two —  
Oh, the cow and the pig and the hen!

Now he sits and sighs, as he counts the cost,  
For the cow and the pig and the hen.  
He almost cries for the milk he's lost,  
The cow and the pig and the hen.  
He'd tend them gladly in mud and rain,  
And scrap his acres of hay and grain,  
If he only could buy them back again,  
The cow and the pig and the hen.

*Boise Statesman.*

*A. H. Upham.*

### THE LITTLE COPPER BUTTON.

He is bowed and old today  
And goes limping down the way,  
With the little copper button on his breast;  
And few notice as he goes,  
And few think, of even those,  
Of the days when he went marching with the best.

But that little copper thing,  
If you pause, will mem'ries bring  
Of what's proudly writ upon a fadeless page;  
How his valor and his truth,  
In his far-off days of youth,  
Wrought the mighty deeds that glorified the age.

'Tisn't just an old man there,  
Bended form and whitened hair,  
Slowly plodding now the careless street adown;  
'Tis a vision of a Past  
That shall deathless ever last  
In majestic, blazing glory of renown.

Look with patriotic eyes—  
There the shot-torn banner flies;  
There the long array of bayonets stands fast;  
There the flashing sabers shine;  
There the black guns swing in line,  
And earth trembles with the shock of cannon blast.

There the battle colors proud  
Stream above the rolling cloud,  
Where the iron hearts drive in the iron ships;  
And the thunder of the guns  
Seaward rolls and inland runs,  
Mingled with the cheers that roar from loyal lips.

There the wounded and the dead  
Lie on battle's gory bed;  
There they sink beneath the crimsoned, salted wave;  
There in noisome prison-pen,  
That may live the rights of men,  
Heroes starve and die to sleep in nameless grave.

There, full triumph in review,  
Come the victors, faithful, true,  
While the Nation hails its new salvation won;  
And the glory that they share  
Through all years to come they wear,  
While the Stars and Stripes shall greet the shining sun.

This and more than this I see,  
As his bent form passes me,  
With the little copper button on his breast,  
And at quick salute I stand,  
Lifted soul as lifted hand,  
As I hail the Nation's heroes, Freedom-blest.

*The Franklin News-Herald. William P. F. Ferguson.*

### CALLING.

To INA DONNA COOLBRITH  
Alameda, May 29, 1922

The skies of blue that bend above the bay  
Seem listening for your voice; and all  
The rounded hills lift up their heads and call,  
But hear no echo. Down the sunny day  
The soft winds wander, but I hear them say  
They cannot find you; and the birds that fly  
Across the hillside seek in vain. The shy  
Wild flowers droop, and wonder why you stay.  
Beneath the same blue sky the old friends wait;  
The flowers bloom, the birds sing sweet and clear—  
And hark! The waves that break in snowy foam  
Against the rocks that guard the Golden Gate  
Are calling to you—surely you must hear!—  
The throbbing summons, "Home!  
Come home! Come home!"

*The San Francisco Call. Harry Noyes Pratt.*

## A DEAD BIRD ON THE STATE HIGHWAY.

Small aviator of the field and road;  
Explorer of the fallow scope and waste;  
Proclaimer of true joy at man's abode;  
Sweet minstrel rendering your song with taste  
Alike to all: crushed, bleeding, pretty head  
Upturned, you lie upon the highway dead.

Your forbears bore me on their flashing wings  
From post to stake and isolated tree,  
From babyhood to where the eagle swings  
His shadow thwart the sun—O tragedy!  
The tidbit for your fledgings last you found  
Lies near you, mother, killed while nestward bound.

As coursing low in undulating flight  
Along the ribbon of the State Highway  
Where feverish humanity, upon its white  
Interminable length, outspeeds the day.  
O'ertaken, stunned, you fell beneath the wheels  
Unwept, so light the mind of traffic feels.

*The Evening Republican.*

*L. C. Seal.*

## THE TOILERS.

Brown faces of immatured senility  
Twisted into an ecstasy of unshaped satiation.  
Eyes that are huge, tumultuous flares of light  
Peering athwart the forced austerity of tiredness.  
Your hugely-muscled, stalwart arms  
That lift the mammoth weight of majestic industry,  
Branch up from your broad Herculean shoulders  
In a magnificence of thronged power.  
Reeling on the verge of eagerness  
You shift about—  
Throughout the night you are hurled  
In a confused heave of struggling illusions,  
Under the machinal flights of those moistened walls,  
Under those black, moistened walls of disregarded  
futility.  
Facing this Giant monument of bitterness—  
Your thoughts!

Amid the incessant whirrs of the maniac motors,  
Are smashed into fragments of an irresolved dream,  
And you are swept on! On!  
By the involuntary rapids of meniality  
In frenzied whirls of humiliation!  
On! On!

*Il Caroccio.*

*Pascal D'Angelo.*

### THE YELLOW RIBBON.

Now runs a ribbon through September meads,  
A yellow ribbon where the blooms have spread,  
Along the roadside and by swaying reeds,  
That lift their slender stalks from river bed.

Here truly is a field of Cloth of Gold  
That knows no tournament or knights' bright lance,  
Untrod save where the carefree locusts hold  
Unending revels at the Fall's advance.

Too soon shall this rich treasury be swept  
Far down the fruited year that swiftly wanes,  
Mourned by the beauty seekers of the world,  
A fleeing memory in Autumnal rains.

*The New York Sun.*

*Thomas J. Murray.*

### AMBITION.

I thought: with this labor done,  
I have reached the top;  
But with the task accomplished,  
I cannot stop;

It matters not which way I turn,  
There is so much to do,  
That, struggle and strive as I may,  
I am never through.

*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*Floyd Meredith.*

## MY WINDOWS.

Three windows in my House of Life  
Look out three different ways.  
One turns with wistful longing  
To the Road of Yesterdays;  
And watches how the shadows  
Of the poplars, slim and tall,  
Point mutely at remembered days,  
And silence over all.

And one looks out with eager eyes  
Upon the Street of Now,  
And sees the passers up and down,  
And greets them with a bow.  
The little street is frankly gay,  
With checkered shade and shine,  
And busy, too, with bustling joys  
That wait on me and mine.

The other window turns away  
From Yesterday and Now,  
And not a single backward glance  
Its vision will allow.  
Its gaze leaps out to hills afar;  
Its clear eyes, purged from tears,  
Up through the deathless pines can trace  
The Path of Coming Years.

And sometimes when the sun is down,  
And I am all alone,  
The little windows beckon me,  
For they are quite my own,  
And seem to love me, every one.  
At each I stand and look,  
And read their little stories  
Like the chapters of a book.

The first one fills and thrills me through  
With happiness and pain;  
The next—I'm drenched with starlight,  
And then I'm splashed with rain.  
But the other window draws me,  
And I smile through rainbowed tears,  
For I read a happy ending  
Down the Path of Coming Years.

## DOWN THE DRIFT OF DREAMS.

Down the drift of dreams come many things  
In the silent watches deep and long—  
The bright flutter of autumnal wings  
And the murmur of ascending song.

Love, would all these golden dreams were true,  
Their beguiling glamours and their gleams,  
For through some ethereal magic you—  
You are ever present in my dreams!

*The New York Herald.*

*Clinton Scollard.*

## MATILDA.

For forty years for all the countryside  
She wrote the epitaphs, and Sanders wrought  
In marble and in slate her simple thought  
To comfort hearts that grieved for those who died.  
Her book of verse was tombstones scattered wide,  
Each stone a page, whereon the rhymned lines sought  
To phrase the old, old dreams with longing fraught,  
And warnings of the day by none denied.

At sixty years of age, she sensed the end,  
And ere she died wrote plainly in her will  
That not a word be written on her stone:  
And willing so, she never dreamed she penned  
A mystery that haunts the valley still—  
On other stones her lines, none on her own!

*The New York Times.*

*Arthur Wallace Peach.*

## THE LAMP-LIGHTER.

When dad was a little boy,  
Years ago.  
Wasn't any 'lectric lights—  
Dad says so;  
Lamp-posts stood along the street,  
For the lighter-man to keep—  
And the lamp-post man would light them just before  
boys went to sleep—  
Years ago.

When the sun set, and the dark  
Grew and grew,  
Then the light-man with his stick  
He came, too;  
Came out of the night somewhere.  
With slouch hat and queery air,  
And a ladder, and he climbed each post, and lit the  
lamp, that's what—  
He'd do!

When the evening hour came,  
And twilight,  
And the stars began to shine  
In the night—  
Everything was mystery;  
In his dreamy thoughts he'd see  
This old queery, funny lighter-man come sailing 'cross  
the sea!  
At twilight.

When the lamp-post man came 'round,  
Years ago,  
Then the Sand-Man, he came, too—  
He did so!  
When the lamp-posts all were lit,  
Boy began to doze a bit,  
For the Sand-Man and the lighter-man were brothers  
—guess that's it!

Dad says so!

*The Chicago Tribune.*

*R. N. Risser.*

### TWILIGHT BREEZE.

When in summer you sit in a parkway shade,  
And small twilight breezes from nowhere rise,  
And the branches above you are slightly swayed,  
You will not listen, if kind and wise.

For these are the little betraying airs  
That have hovered round lovers' lips and brows  
And carry their kisses and sweet despairs  
To the indiscreet leaves on a thousand boughs.

When in autumn a twilight stroll you take,  
And there's none on the once loved path but you,  
When all around you strange whispers awake,  
Half in reproach and half in rue—

It is only the voice of the cynic wind  
Telling the leaves of quick broken vows;  
And you, if you be both wise and kind,  
Will say, " 'Tis but gossip of aged boughs!"

*The New York Herald.*

*Edith M. Thomas.*

### WHEN GENE RETURNS.

My thoughts by day, all lead the way  
That I expect my Gene.  
By dusty road and field new mown  
By trees along the way,  
And bushes, too, 'neath skies of blue,  
Upon a summer day.

My dreams at night have less of light,  
But still I see my Gene.  
The moon is pale, for cloudy vail,  
Now floats along so light.  
The night birds call, the owl and all,  
My dream goes on, at night.

Oh, Gene, my Gene, in thot and dream  
I long for you, my Gene,  
May you come soon, whether night or noon,  
Our lovelike stars gleam.  
May time move slow in the afterglow,  
For you and me, my Gene.

*The Lewisburg Leader.*

*E. Vernon Moore.*

### A RADIANT ROMANCE.

Jim popped the question on his knees  
To witching Annabel,  
Fred sent a special letter his  
Adoring love to tell.  
Will wrote a sonnet—neatly phrased,  
It cannot be denied—  
Imploring her in ardent rime  
To be his blushing bride.

Ned sent impassioned telegrams,  
A dozen in a day,  
Beseeching her to change her name  
To Mrs. Edward Gray.  
But lo! she flouted all of them  
And married homely Joe,  
Who didn't have a cent, but he  
Proposed by radio.

*The New York Herald.*

*Minna Irving.*

### SETH.

For forty years the frosts heaved at his posts  
Which here and there were leveled to the ground;  
Across his fields the drab, bent homestead frowned  
With dubious stare at slow advancing hosts  
Of underbrush and scrubby trees, the ghosts  
Of forests by his tireless fathers downed;  
The meadows once with whitening harvests crowned  
Were bleak as acres on deserted coasts.

He owned three foxhounds; with the tracking right  
Their booming voices called, and nought could stay  
The gray old man until the game was shot.  
The four would trail the fox by day and night,  
A week from home, the county's breadth away,  
Till once the dogs returned—but he did not.

*The New York Times.*                  *Arthur Wallace Peach.*

### THE WAYWARD ONE.

A thorn might  
Prick at my skirt  
With its horny finger  
To make me stay—  
I should not linger,  
But tear away,  
Yet I might stop  
For a rose  
Who knows?  
If it leaned  
Across my way.

*The New York Herald.*

*Abigail W. Cresson.*

Here is the tea set great-great-grandma used—  
Blue Sevres, a long dead Louis once held dear;  
From Wales, great-grandma brought this pitcher  
queer,  
And this quaint bowl, with colors subtly fused,  
Great-grandpa found in China, when he cruised  
From Salem, in the good ship Mary Ann;  
While Aunt Faith's Wedgwood Nymphs pursuing  
Pan  
Elopement with an English squire excused.

How a collector's heart with joy would dance—  
Yet, as I dust them, a vague sadness steals  
Across me, at their hints of gay romance  
And valiant quest. Each treasured shelf reveals  
More haunting charm in one's ancestral tree  
Than could a learned genealogy!

*The New York Herald.*

*Charlotte Becker.*

#### THE ANSWER.

How shall you know that I love you?  
Words are such pitiful things,  
That flutter and fall at my heart's wild call,  
Like a bird with broken wings.

How shall you know that I love you?  
Dear, lay your golden head  
Close to my breast, till my soul has confessed  
That you are its wine and its bread.

How shall you know that I love you?  
Burn my body with flame . . .  
My ashes shall rise in song to the skies,  
With the triumph of your name.

*The Virginian-Pilot and*  
*The Norfolk Landmark. Virginia Taylor McCormack.*

## SPRING.

It is Spring.

The dogwood is in bloom.

The violets are flirting with the cow-slips

Down beside the joyous bubbling stream.

The house is still—the others are at church.

I said I would join them there.

Last Sunday I smelt the dust in the carpet;

A man in the choir sang through his nose;

The preacher talked about an awful place called hell.

I wonder if they know

That the cow-slips are in bloom;

That the birds are building nests in the willows by the stream?

They may not know!

Yet, God will understand,

When he finds me lying beneath the trees,

Down beside the dancing, joyous stream,

Where the violets are flirting with the cow-slips.

If God wants me to go to a musty church on a day like this,

Why did he make the glorious Out-of-Doors!

*The Vienna News.*

*Scottie McKenzie Frasier.*

## THE SPIRIT.

You must not dull the Spirit,  
Nor dim its high white light,  
For it is the shining presence  
Dividing the day from the night.

You must not break the Spirit,  
For as long as it rides high  
Nothing in all this world  
Its power can defy.

You must not kill the Spirit,  
For a man whose soul is dead  
Is lost to all achievement,  
And his final prayer is said.

*The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

*George Elliston.*

## VOICES.

The voices of the living world are mocking me with  
laughter,

The voices of the buried dead are mocking me with  
pain.

'Tis I must leave the homes of men and up and follow  
after

A little voice, a quiet voice, that whispers in the rain.

That whispers in the silver rain and calls me in the  
swaying

Of branches lightly held aloft against a tranquil sky,  
That breathes upon a troubled lake where little winds  
are playing

And lets the trembling wonder grow in ripples  
running by.

The words of men, too bold they are, too swiftly heard  
and spoken—

I have no need of joy, or grief, or wisdom born of  
these!

But I shall find a haven where the hush is only broken  
By the echo of a little voice—the gossip of the trees.

*The New York Herald.*

*Helen Frazee-Bower.*

## THE SPIDER'S WEB.

O'er my bed of bright Lantana,  
In the warm shine of the Sun,  
Is a black and yellow Spider  
On the Web that he has spun.

Frail as gossamer its structure ;  
Intricate and rare it seems.  
How can stupid little Spiders  
Ever spin the "stuff of dreams" ?

Fearless of my eager interest  
There the lazy Spider stays,  
Though I gently move his mansion  
While his striped body sways.

He will cling against the center,  
Waiting for the foolish Fly,  
Who is sure to be attracted  
When he gayly passes by.

Oh! the Spider and his Victim  
Have been used for many years  
As a simile of sinning,  
And a tragedy of tears.

Can you blame the Fly, however,  
If he pauses on the wing,  
For a Spider may be wicked,  
But a Web's a lovely thing.

It is also full of windows  
Where a Fly could flutter through.  
(As the Webs of Life are fashioned,  
And so many of us do.)

There's a chance he may be captured,  
And the lesson will be taught.  
(As the Webs of Life are fashioned,  
And so many, too, are caught.)

*The New York Times.*

*Nan Terrell Reed.*

#### THE SPITE-FENCE.

My neighbor built between himself and me  
A fence that gloomed my yard; the top was spiked;  
It symbolized his spleen and meant that he  
Had barred himself from one whom he disliked.

I could not shut my heart against the man.  
Above us arched a common sky and shone  
A sun that God had meant for all; no ban  
Could keep His air and light for one alone.

I thought: The slugs that crawl along the soil,  
The birds that climb the air on wings of hope,  
The fish that cut the wave, the beasts that toil  
And prowl are all within the Master's scope.

All things, inert or having life, are kept  
Within the plan of Him who lit the skies;  
For Him our earth is but a dust-mote, swept  
Through space by energy which He supplies.

And so, in all humility, I went  
My way and did what kindnesses I could,  
Remembering that all of us are blent,  
Despite ourselves, in one great brotherhood.

One day my neighbor stopped me, passing by;  
Of old he never did, but with a frown  
Or sneer would hasten on. I heard him sigh.  
"Brother," he said, "that fence is coming down!"  
*The New York Times.*                   *Elias Lieberman.*

### THE SALT OF LIFE.

I know love passes and laughter dies,  
That the fruited fields grow sterile;  
But never shall life lose witchery  
And never its joy grow stale for me  
While I may know and feel and see  
The urge of an instant peril.  
  
Peril that stabs like a driven spur,  
Yet sweet as the song of a mother—  
Fear that holds like a trailing hound,  
Red death on enfiladed ground,  
Dread that swings like a dead thing drowned  
In a cross-tide's foaming smother.

Whatever else may come to me  
Let fear be never a stranger;  
Let me walk unguarded ways that breed  
The instant stroke and the flaming deed;  
Let me thrill to the call of a desperate need.  
And the trumpet tones of danger.

*The Arkansas Gazette.*

*C. T. Davis.*

### MONEY.

I am convenient, the ages say,  
And men rely on me,  
So if you work in an eager way,  
Or toil with a drooping knee,  
Whenever you pause by night or day—  
You measure the pause by me.

I am a curse—the pious cry  
That Satan strikes through me.  
So if I'm snared with a cunning lie,  
Or won as the gods decree—  
Whatever good folks would justify—  
They measure its sin by me.

"Much gold—much luck!" some fools declare,  
And the idle see Fate in me,  
So if I choose by the pains they spare  
To rust in the thankless sea —  
Whenever they speak of their heart's despair,  
They measure their woes by me.

But I am fair, myself, I claim,  
And judgment goes with me.  
So if you're broken and seek to blame,  
Or frank to indorse my plea—  
Whatever you do in life's great game—  
Just measure your wit by me!

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Lowe W. Wren.*

#### THE GRAVE-DIGGER'S SONG.

Not Time, but the brother of Time am I,  
And I house dead men while men shall die;  
'Tis mine to bury the world's mistakes—  
'Tis mine to cover the wreck man makes.

Not Time, but the brother of Time am I,  
And I ply my trade, for men will die;  
And all that Time to the grave doth hurry,  
'Tis mine to cover—'tis mine to bury !

The clay is gray and the corpse is cold,  
And palsy plagues me, for I grow old.  
What trade so merry—so merry as mine?

Whenever a soul has made its cry,  
My mattock and spade I merrily ply;  
I serve the dead to gain my bread  
And it brings me gold—and the gold is red !

Who says that my trade is a trade of dread?  
There's something wrong with his silly head.  
Who says my task is a task that's grim?  
The stupid zany! a fig for him!

When I press my lips to a stoup of wine  
The dead man smiles and the clay grows fine;  
What trade so merry—so merry as mine?

Ah, little guesses the passing crowd,  
I mark it often for grave and shroud,  
And bide my season ; what say'st thou, knave ?  
What folly to talk of a grave-digger's grave !

*The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.*

### EPSTEIN'S STATUE OF CHRIST.

O risen Christ,  
Cast in sober bronze,  
Hard, austere your face.  
Heart-deep reproach graven thereon.  
You have lived in vain . . .  
Died in vain . . .  
But Judas left his silver  
To be invested in perpetuity  
For your eternal betrayal  
And men's unceasing mockery.  
They who crucified you  
And watched your misery on the cross,  
That was to be for Barabbas—  
Let off because he was their brother—  
How can these Pharisees,  
These money-changers,  
Driven by your fierce lashings  
From sacred places,  
Now endure your image  
To recall to their memories  
What they have done to you  
That awesome night at Golgotha,  
When, looking down from the cross,  
You encountered a swarm of gargoyle faces,  
Distorted with the joys of devils,  
And you cried to God your Father :  
“O why hast Thou forsaken me ?”

And now you are risen again,  
Brought to life in bronze,  
By one who comprehends your words  
And would not have them pass away ;  
So poured them into this hard and matchless mould.  
And pious Caiaphas, turned critic,  
Even in priest's garb, comes and mocks,  
And forgetting the gargoyles of the Goths,

Cries, "What blasphemy!  
If only Torquemada lived  
To use the thumb-screw and the rack  
On this most bold Jew,  
Who again has resurrected you!"  
When you were flesh and blood,  
You were crucified by men,  
And now they taunt your effigy,  
This changeless shape of bronze,  
Which cannot be crucified nor burnt,  
Nor its gesture forgot,  
That seems to say:  
"Here are pearls . . . pearls . . .  
Pearls are not for swine . . .  
But here they are . . .  
Out of Father's charity . . .  
And look at my poor gashed hand:  
Who takes the pearls  
Must take the nails, too!"

*The New York Call.*

*John Cournos.*

### THE DOORS.

Doors—always Doors! Along the corridor  
They stand ajar—to left, to right—a score.  
Some are swung wide, some only half, and some  
So little opened, not a hint may come  
Of all that is Beyond. . . . Beyond? Is Life!

Crowd, in the corridor. . . . A surge of Souls.  
Flood-tide. . . . Joys. . . . Agonies. . . .  
A deep bell tolls. . . .  
Beating a Door with white, uplifted hands—  
A woman. . . . Swiftly, swiftly run the sands  
Time keeps his hour-glass filled with. Ruthless Time!

Two stop and speak of love. And they are young.  
Her beauty draws him as the moon the sea.  
So, many eyes and hearts and hands have clung,  
Each craving each, and flouting Destiny.  
There is a Door! One enters. . . . One is left. . . .

How swiftly run the sands of Time. . . . Bereft!  
Doors open, beckon and swing to, again. . . .  
How the full Cup of Wine draws thirsty men!  
Life. . . . How the sight of gold draws on the thief,  
Quick, through the opening Door! 'Tis past belief  
How often one grotesque fiasco makes  
A Fool quite wise. . . . Some little godling shakes  
His merry dice. . . . Behold, a fast closed Door,  
Where Gardens of Delight had shown before!  
Thus Knowledge is achieved, and hardly, too.  
Time turns the glass. How swift the sands run  
through!

High over all, the Inexorable Three!  
And through the Doors the surge of Souls. . . . But  
see—  
No mercy! Only Justice—is that all?  
Justice, that is not just? Dead leaves that fall  
From dying trees, less hopeless are than one  
Who strives when Atropos has said, " 'Tis done."  
And will those swift sands never, never stay?

Doors—silent Doors—that swing and swing again.  
Life. . . . Love. . . . The banquet-hall. . . . The  
cattle-pen. . . .  
The Throne. . . . The Cross. . . . Soft rapture.  
. . . Anguish. . . . Naught  
Is missing, can be given, begged or bought  
Or thrust like nails in palms, like sword in side.  
Beyond the Doors is Life. . . . And far and wide. . . .  
How very swiftly run the sands of Time!

Which Door—which turn? Where lurks malevolence.  
And where awaits the gracious recompense,  
That forward-going Souls may surely know  
Which is the very way they're set to go?

Nor man, nor god, nor angel marks the Way.  
The Doors are open. Choose whiche'er you may,  
The sands of Time will swiftly, swiftly run.

*The New York Times.*

*Barbara Young.*

## ROOSEVELT'S BIRTHDAY.

Oct. 28, 1858—Oct. 27, 1921.

These are the things that have eternal youth:  
Calm marble temples that for years have stood,  
Proving their simple grandeur firm and good;  
And noble thoughts, from every age and place,  
That weave a veil for Time's disfigured face;  
And kindly deeds that lend their eager hands  
To guide blind travelers through life's scorching sands.

And even men may have eternal youth:  
Those who have dreamed, then labored for the truth;  
Those who have lived to keep God's gift of life  
Aloof from sin, unstained by hate or strife,  
And then have gone unhurt to walk with Death,  
Willing to others with their failing breath  
The beauty and the richness they have felt—  
Men in their souls akin to Roosevelt.

These are the men that have eternal youth!

*The New York Times.*      *Violet Alleyn Storey.*

## TRANSMIGRATION.

They shall go out at twilight, far from the tumult and  
shaking;

Wearing white shoes of peace, they shall weep no  
more;

The moon shall toss them laughter—theirs shall be joy  
for the taking,

Through cedarèd halls of silence they shall open the  
door.

No longer shall hot lips parch with a thirst unslaking.

They shall drink at the breast of the earth, as they  
drank before.

For them the blossom of sleep shall never unclose to  
an ending,

They shall know the clean friendship of trees, and  
the whispering grass.

The roses that tremble with wine when the banquet of  
dawn is impending

Shall be theirs as a raiment to wear while the seasons  
pass.

No more shall life's minutes of sorrow be close on their  
footsteps attending,

They shall mix with the reveling winds on the  
heights where the thunders mass.

For their nights shall be carpets of star-dust, spun out  
from a loom ever spinning,  
Their days shall be golden as pollen the daffodil  
hides in her mold;  
Every prize that was lost to them living shall be theirs  
for the work of the winning,  
They shall swim in the heart of the sun, where the  
rivers of light unfold.  
Their Summers of joy shall not end, nor their Winters  
of night have beginning,  
And, tasting the fruit of creation, they shall never  
grow old.

Swept out on the waters eternal, where midnights are  
merry with flowers,  
They shall ride on the shoulders of rain drops, and  
dance with the sun;  
Theirs shall be belts of dew-diamonds, filched from  
the Summer's green hours,  
Never for them shall be darkness, nor day-birth, nor  
love that is done.

For Death in his kingdom shall make them the keepers  
of keys to his towers,  
Where visions of peace and of joy kiss every one.  
*The New York Times.*                                   *J. Corson Miller.*

#### CLEMENCEAU.

Whether you think of him but as a man old and  
croaking,

Mouthing laments or entreaties;  
Or as a heart-firing trumpet arousing to action  
The soldier and saint in our soul—  
Make no mistake when your eyes look upon him!  
See not a man who has come but to talk,  
Pouring his mindful of thoughts in our lives  
Futile as rain on the rocks.

For I tell you

This man is a man. He is France.  
Beautiful France on her knees,  
Knees that are worn with the kneeling—  
France with a heart that is sick with the waiting,  
The hoping and longing for us who are heedless,  
Only to look on her kindly.  
Stretching our hand to her fingers to raise her,  
To lift her above her own fear and her grief—  
Fear for her living and grief for her dead.

Crown him with laurels, you great ones who sense him  
And all that his coming could mean to us here.  
There will be plenty to weave him a chaplet  
Of thorns—and so many to press it down tight on his  
head,

Tight—till the silver runs red with the tears  
From the heart of all France;  
Many, so many, to mock him and twist his true words,  
Painting them over with sophistry, selfish or vile,  
Lest we should walk once again the hard path of duty,  
Lest we be faithful to all that is best in us,  
Lest we should stand with him back in his France,  
Close to the field where our dear dead are lying,  
Saying once more to him simply and earnestly,  
“Again we are here!”

*The New York Times.*

*Harry Varley.*

### LET ME SMILE BRAVELY.

My song is stilled—I have no heart to sing.  
Age and the world press hard; the day is long,  
Tired my breast that once would throb with song  
Thrilled by the fire of youth’s unending spring;  
And I, who raced with Life on joyous wing,  
Plod the dull streets amidst the weary throng.

And yet I would not always, free from care,  
Put on the cap and bells—souls grow from tears.  
Courage from tribulations draws its breath;  
I take from life what I have planted there,  
And if no harvest greets my ripening years  
Let me smile bravely—even unto death!

*The Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

*K. P.*

### THE LONE PATROL.

Silence and night. The lordly Lion sends  
His final challenge to the answering stars;  
Then, deep within his jungle lair, he sleeps.  
Slumbers his mate. Remote from prowling foe,  
Nestle, unconscious, safe, his sheltered brood.

A moving speck against the midnight blue,  
The homing Eagle wings. Unhurried, calm,  
She seeks her aerie, where solitude  
Wraps in security her sleeping young.

The far horizon moves! Gray shadows mar  
The blue. On velvet feet the jackal pack  
Slinks warily. With greedy eyes they scan  
The jungle's rim, where, all unguarded, sleep  
The Tiger cubs. What toothsome morsels for  
Their covetous jaws! Onward, insatiate,  
They creep. Then pause! Before their startled gaze  
A towering shape looms, terrible, alert  
With bristling neck and eyes aflame he dares  
The oncoming foe. The Tiger! Swift as fear,  
They huddle, wheel, and melt into the night.

Dawn, and the fading stars. The jungle stirs.  
Grandly the Lion scents the morning. Far,  
Far overhead the Eagle circles free.  
Still on the forest's rim the Tiger wakes,  
Lone, battle-scarred, invincible, superb!

*The New York Times.*                   *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

#### THE GOLD AT THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

The mist rose up from the mountain peak,  
The sky was marked by a crimson streak,  
When a laughing boy ran off to seek  
For the gold at the end of the rainbow.

The skies were a-flame with radiant red,  
The clouds were glorious overhead  
When over the spring-time turf he sped  
For the gold at the end of the rainbow!

The tender grass with the dew was wet,  
And the clover bloom and the violet  
As singing he ran to get  
The gold at the end of the rainbow.

The plowman lifted a frowning brow  
And dried the sweat as he changed the plow.  
"Yon lad is a fool," he cried, "that now  
Goes running after the rainbow!"

And the sun-browned sower ceased to sow  
As he watched the jubilant youngster go.  
Said he, "'Tis the gold of fools, I trow,  
That lies at the end of the rainbow!"

And a vagrant called as he loitered past,  
"What need to hurry? Don't run so fast;  
You'll have for your labor your pains at last,  
When you get to the end of the rainbow!"

A dozing beggar behind a hedge  
Grinned as he crouched at a haystack's edge.  
"Ha, Ha!" he laughed, "I should like a wedge  
Of the gold at the end of the rainbow!"

And a maid who was almost husband-high  
Followed her smile with a sudden sigh,  
Who knew gold or love might lie  
At the farther end of the rainbow!

His father frowned when his mother told  
Of the chiding quest for the fairy gold,  
And uttered a vow he would soundly scold  
The lad who had chased a rainbow!

But the poet smiled, for the bard was old,  
And a whispering angel to him told  
That gold there was, Aye a Gate of Gold  
Where the world's end reaches the rainbow!

*The Brattleboro Daily Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.*

### THE COWARD.

I lay in a broken city  
Whose living all had fled,  
Leaving it bleaching as the bones  
Of a monster long since dead.  
The world seemed barren and empty  
And down below in the vale,  
Men lay in strange deep slumber  
Under the smoke-tents pale.

Far off the sound of thunder  
Seemed ominous as doom—  
And I heard the cruel weaving  
Of Fate upon her loom.  
I heard the clicking shuttles,  
The snarl and hiss of thread,  
Weaving a crimson garment  
For the unburied dead.

Across and across the barren  
Shrill shrieking birds had flown—  
And I lay my head on a lintel,  
    And dreamed of the marsh at home.  
Dreamed of slow, brown bayou—  
    Of the song of the tall pine tree—  
And oh, war seemed like a terrible thing,  
    A horrible thing to me!

Then out of the dead came creeping,  
    Out of the vale below,  
Something torn and bleeding,  
    With haggard eyes aglow,  
Whispering hoarsely, “Buddy,  
    You’ve got to go back and—and tell  
The gunners about that snipers’ nest  
    In that hidden, rock-walled dell.”

“I can’t go back through that man trap,”  
    I in my terror cried—  
But he only whispered, “Buddy—”  
    And dropped in the dust and died.  
So I crept through the dead and the darkness,  
    Where the hellish witch-light played,  
And gave the gunners his message,  
    But I was afraid—afraid.

They gave me a medal for it,  
    When I was able to stand,  
And sent me home to the cabin,  
    And the flowering marshy land.  
But I hung it on his headstone,  
    For all the world to see—  
For oh, war seems like a terrible thing,  
    A horrible thing to me!

*The New York Times.*

*Carolyn M. Lewis.*

#### TO THE ROVER.

A toast to you: Forget us not  
    When Fate entices far.  
Remember we would choose your lot  
    If we could change our star.

While you go forth to roam the earth,  
To capture and repel;  
Bound by the ties that gave us birth,  
Here we must toil and dwell.

Yet on bold hills where we suspect  
Your heart shares scenes of strife—  
On those stout seas your eyes reflect—  
We wish you length of life.

And may you find wide ways and new  
Far from the walls of care;  
And may our dreams bring luck to you  
As only dreams would dare!

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Lowe W. Wren.*

### THE STATUE AND THE FLAME.

Now Allah turned unto the Man-To-Be;  
Showed him a Marble of entrancing grace,  
And then a Flame, pure white, that lit all space.  
“Choose which you will,” said he.

“O Allah”—so the Man-To-Be replied—  
“How may I see the Form without the Light?  
You offer empty day, or empty night. . . .  
I choose them both!” he cried.

“Well spoken!” Allah said. “You have been bold,  
But only courage make existence whole;  
Once separate this Body from this Soul,  
The earth must grow moon-cold.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Two sons the earth-life gave him; and his heart  
Spake from his lips to guide their way aright:  
“Tend well the Flame, and keep the Marble white,  
Nor place them far apart!”

The Man lived . . . died. His sons could not agree  
To share the birthright. O'er the new-placed sod  
One seized the Statue as his household god;  
And one, the Flame took he.

\* \* \* \* \*

The age-long feud brawls on to waste mankind.  
But for the Flame, the Thew-men's day were night;  
But for the Form, Mind-men were leprous-white.  
Yet both fight on, rage-blind.

Both find the half of truth Illusion's lie,  
Yet wrangle for their little half of truth;  
They teach their children death; debauch their  
youth;  
Debase age to a sigh.

When shall we Form and Flame together see,  
Green leaves no longer dripping bloody dews?  
When will the Thew-men and the Mind-men fuse,  
And half-men cease to be?

*The New York Herald.*

*Arthur Powell.*

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

Day flickers into dusk; the street lamps flower  
Like saffron poppies in the heart of night;  
The petals of the snow drop hour on hour  
Until earth blossoms like a rose of white.  
Midnight and silence; calm, cold hills look down  
Upon a valley stretching still and far;  
Low in the east beyond the little town  
Glimmers the Christmas candle of a star.

*The New York Herald.*

*Elizabeth Scolland.*

### THE QUEST.

I have listened to world adventurers  
Spin tales of a rousing theme,  
And held my breath as they wove again  
The threads of a vivid dream.  
I have marshaled my reason with keen array  
While the spell of their dreams was rife,  
And worried to think if their tales were true—  
How much did I know of life!

They told of hills in the flaming dawn,  
Of nights when they galloped the plain,  
When the song in their hearts was a trumpet blast  
That rang with the hope of gain.  
The lure of their rusting blades today  
Still gleams like a hungry knife,  
Though the eager edge of their strength is gone—  
And I wonder if that is life!

They have boasted of dice with a reckless lust,  
When their winnings were hard to hold;  
Or the turn of the cards, when a single cut  
Meant more than the loss of gold;  
Of giving their all to a luckless pal,  
Who, fighting, fell in the strife,  
And it wasn't the giving they miss the most—  
So I wonder if that is life!

I have listened at length to their banter bold,  
And swallowed their tongue's parade.  
When their eyes replied and their pulse beat high  
To the glance of a comely maid:  
And it wasn't the paint or the silken hose,  
Or the love that crowns a wife,  
But the quest of it all, that holds them yet—  
So I know that the quest is life!

*The Kansas City Times.*

*Lowe W. Wren.*

### OH, LOVE IS LIKE A BROOK TO SING!

I hid the poignant passion in the confines of my heart.  
Portentous Love I battened down with necromatic  
art,  
But when I slid the hatches back and found him  
standing near,  
I knew the smother of his arms would banish every  
fear,  
For Love he is a rosy thing,  
And Love he is a cloud,  
And Love is like a brook to sing—  
To dance and laugh aloud.  
I bow my head and bide my time—what will he bring  
to me,  
This cooing dove, this roistering Love that clamors  
constantly?  
For Love he is a roisterer and Love he swaggers bold.  
A noisy careless blusterer is Love—and hard to hold.  
Oh, Love is like the tide that makes  
The murmur of the sea;  
He rides a spume-white breaker, wakes  
A storm, then scuttles free.  
Oh when I bind the hatches down and life once more  
begin,

I will not bar the Love-God out, I'll lock the rascal in.  
My Love is such a pretty thing I would not have him  
stray,  
But Love is like a brook to sing, to dance and run  
away.

*The New York Sun.*

*Jessie Wellborn Smith.*

### THE LITTLE WORLDS.

The little worlds all set apart  
So loved by many a wistful heart  
Are gardens. fair and green and still  
Where lovely flowers their sweetness spill.

So sweet are they the soul forgets  
All fear and longing and regrets  
For in these gardens worlds apart  
The seeking ones find Peace o' Heart.

*Springfield Sunday Republican.*

*Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*

### FIFTY FOR FULFILLING.

We were playing Bridge—  
I bid: "Two Hearts," minus the ace,  
"Two without," she said and looked at me,  
And I, half carelessly,  
A smile upon my face,  
Doubled—  
Her colleague's eyes looked troubled,  
And then she smiled—

Of course, my partner led my suit to me,  
And I began to be afraid  
That Bridge, unfortunately,  
Was not the only game she played—  
You understand,  
My heart was in her hand.

*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*Floyd Meredith.*

## THEIR MONUMENT.

In Athens old when the Muses reigned,  
So the record historic runs,  
Her Pericles in a tribute of praise  
Thus spoke of her valiant sons:  
"Their fame shall live in granite and bronze  
Through the years beyond our ken,  
But their monument that shall grow not old  
They reared in the hearts of men."

The river of time, with its winding flow,  
Is an onward moving stream.  
The years that are gone in part we know,  
Of the years to come we dream:  
And lo! from the promise of yesterday,  
From today with its augury,  
A vision fair of the future dawns,  
And a tribute yet to be.

The harvest waves on the battlefields  
And the echoes of discord cease.  
At Armageddon was won at last  
The palm of enduring peace.  
In the welter of carnage and reckless hate  
This planet shall reek no more,  
And the flower of the nations shall go not again  
To the suicide of war.

For knightly souls since the days of old,  
The laurel wreath and bay;  
For the soldier sons who conquered war,  
A glory that fades not away—  
A monument in the hearts of men  
To an age and a world made new,  
And its shaft shall rise to the vaulted skies  
In the realm of dreams come true.

For the khaki-clad boys on that monument,  
Aloft in the fadeless light,  
The Record Keeper retains a space  
Where his moving hand shall write:  
"To save from ruin a menaced world  
They answered their country's call;  
They did their part and they helped to win  
In the last great war of all."

*The Columbus Evening Dispatch. C. B. Galbreath.*

## BIOLOGY.

She told me to count the bones of a dead cat;  
She told me to memorize their names—  
Long Latin names, unintelligible;  
She said the examination would require them.  
But when she busied herself with her specimens,  
I slipped noiselessly out through the door,  
Down the stairs,  
And outdoors.  
There I found a brooklet murmuring,  
And I heard a robin sing.

*The Jacksonville Daily Journal.*                  *Wayne Gard.*

## THE WORTHIER WAY.

I doff to the man who would “Live by the road  
Where the races of men go by,”  
Who is willing to lighten some traveler’s load  
Or to answer a human cry.

Too long have I sat in the scorner’s soft seat  
And hurtled the cynic’s hard ban,  
Yet never gave thought mid the cold or the heat  
For the woes of my fellow man.

I sought not the rough road, where weary men throng,  
To mix with the good and the bad,  
To reach out a hand or to cheer them along,  
But I stayed by the things I had.

Though often I’ve watched while they struggled and  
toiled  
From my shelter a safe way back,  
My hands or my garments were never yet soiled  
By the grime from a toiler’s pack.

This man who would live by the roadside can smile,  
For daily he covets his work.  
But heedless of him, I have changed not the while,  
Contented to live on and shirk.

Yes! I doff to this helper beside the way;  
He is right, I wrong, I can see,  
Regardless that many are living today  
Not very different from me.

Oh, it's better to turn and wreck a bad plan  
Than to follow it day by day,  
To add to the wrong and inherit the ban.  
Thank God for The Worthier Way.

*The Buffalo Express.*

*Millard S. Burns.*

### EL CAMINO REAL.

In Time's crusade, with rapid speed,  
On lofty heights, o'er lowly down,  
Where'er the King's great highways lead,  
The cross has gone before the crown.  
The padre came to blaze the trail  
On scar-ribbed land and rocky shore.  
Through dangers where the strongest fall,  
High over all the cross he bore.

He turned to fields of ripened grain  
The wild morass, the sodden soil;  
He sought the Indians to train  
And earn their breads by honest toil.  
Upon the mount of Time I stand  
And see linked in the great highway  
A chain of missions through the land—  
The padre's monument today.

Then came the wondrous age of gold;  
The old stage coach with prancing steeds,  
The rough-clad driver, fearless, bold,  
Stood waiting for the travel's needs;  
With brace of pistols by his side  
He dared each murderous, outlaw band.  
The trail became a highway wide,  
With speedy convoy through the land.

I see, from off the mount of Time,  
All satin smooth the highway's lead;  
In summer heat or winter rime  
The horseless carriages proceed—  
An endless line they glide, they glide  
As swiftly as the air bird flies,  
On sandy beach, by mountainside,  
Where mile on mile blue vistas rise.

Where giant redwoods shadow down  
On nature's own cathedral aisle,  
Where Shasta wears her snowy crown,  
Where Tahoe's limpid waters smile,  
Through starry night and sunlit day,  
To north, to south the highway leads.  
The padre early blazed the way—  
The coachman followed with his steeds.

Once more from off the mount of Time  
I see afar faint lines of light  
That o'er the hilltops seem to climb  
The velvet darkness of the night—  
When lo! along the great highways  
A myriad golden stars arise  
And scintillate their transient rays  
Till earth is heaven in fairest guise.

*The San Francisco Journal. Amy Whittlesey Hamlin.*

#### DECRESCENDO.

Stillness and starlight and roses,  
And a kiss as we part . . .  
And afterward—starlight and stillness  
And the thorn of a rose in my heart . . .  
  
And years that run bitter and barren  
As wine's bitter lees,  
Yet fragrant as withering rose leaves  
With old memories . . .

*The Arkansas Gazette.*

*C. T. Davis.*

#### MISS LIZA.

Miss Liza used to sew for us  
When we were little folk;  
Her eyes were black, like cut-jet beads,  
Her teeth clicked when she spoke.  
Across her breast were rows of pins,  
While dangling from a string  
Of Turkey red around her waist  
Her scissors used to swing.

She made us gay checked gingham frocks,  
With sashes in the back,  
And when we wriggled, trying on,  
She's give our heads a crack  
With her big thimble made of steel,  
Or stick us with a pin,  
And then we'd cry so loud and sharp  
That mother would come in  
To pat the place that hurt, or bring  
A plate of ginger cakes;  
Miss Liza'd raise her hands and say:  
"Well, this beats all, lands' sakes!  
If you ain't just the spoilttest brats!"  
Then mother'd stay a while  
And give us bits of dotted swiss  
To make doll clothes, and smile,  
And tell Miss Liza not to mind,  
For children didn't know  
How hard it was for grownup ones  
To make their clothes, and so  
Miss Liza'd sew on petticoats,  
With puffs and tucks in slants,  
And lace-edged ruffled muslin drawers,  
Or little boys' pants.

Then after supper, by the lamp,  
She'd knit and tell us how  
Aunt Annie tried, when she was young,  
To milk the spotted cow.  
But best of all the stories was  
The one when father played  
At scalping Indians and the boys  
Went with him on a raid  
To farmer Jones's turkey flock,  
Which scattered in affright  
And overturned a hive of bees  
That put the boys to flight.

So windy nights when fingers seem  
To tap upon the pane,  
I see Miss Liza knitting socks  
And hear those tales again.

*The Boston Transcript. Virginia Taylor McCormack.*

## AUTUMN BECKONS THE ICE CUTTER.

At dusk the blind dog trailed him down the ridge,  
Thru waves of pine and aspen tracery,  
To where he splashed blue spoke-paint on the bridge  
One summer . . . and he leaned far out to see  
The lowest bench mark, and if there would be  
Enough gone thru the flume to fill his pond  
Before the stream was down . . . and saw a tree,  
Bony . . . with copper leaves, quiver beyond  
The moss-pinned intake of his flume . . . a frond  
Of bistred bracken trembling in the play  
Of waxen death that held the peaks in bond;  
And what of him, should he, too, fade away,  
Into the yellow wind . . . fade far and dim . . .  
Would some one come and cut the ice for him?  
*The Rocky Mountain News. Thomas Hornsby Ferril.*

## THE MASTER'S WORKSHOP.

Just a glimpse into the workshop  
Where the Master moulds the clay;  
Where the cosmic force is building  
And the rhythmic cycles sway—  
Where the great Machine is throbbing,  
That Machine which we call God;  
Life is not the infant's cradle;  
Death is not a cell of sod.

Life within the earth's brief cycle  
Is a moment, nothing more;  
Just a passing phase of living,  
Then a gently opened door  
Leading to a Life more vital,  
Where the "reason why" is shown;  
Building in the Master's workshop,  
Building by a pattern known.

That which we call death is seeming;  
Life alone is real and true.  
Life is stronger than the mountain;  
Death is lighter than the dew.  
There within the Master's workshop  
Those who pass are building well—  
Life is Life, and Death is living,  
Not a sleep in sodden cell.

*The River Falls Journal.*

*Harry Noyes Pratt.*

## THE HOUSE OF LIFE.

Spacious of hall and many chambered, wide;  
A house of calm, a house of revelry;  
Of organ rooms of keenest ecstacy;  
Of mirrors cold on walls of selfish pride;  
  
Of luring vistas that were best descried  
From eastern clinging, lofty balcony  
That gazed on cliffs, and signaled to the sea  
Beyond the waters where the vessels ride.  
  
A mocking banquet room with mirthless song,  
Wailing a chord of impotent irony  
For some fine rage fore'er unsatisfied;  
Year after year, through evenings, through the long  
Still vigil—till the tapers flickeringly  
Whisper, "Smiling, at dawn's first gleam he died."  
*Charlotte Daily Observer. William Thornton Whitsett.*

## BACK FROM FRANCE.

I knew you would come back.  
You told me so, the day you went away.  
You held me close against the khaki coat you wore.  
I heard you say,  
"It hurts, dear heart, but not so bad, you know,  
As if you hadn't let me go."  
  
I let you go,  
Knowing you loved me more than all the world  
beside;  
One summer full of happiness was all we'd had.  
I was a bride,  
And when you went, I smiled as bravely as I could.  
I knew you would come back.  
You said you would!  
  
And you came back—  
Keeping faith with me, you refused to die,  
Even after the bullet tore your tender flesh.  
And now you lie  
Out there a little way—the man I sent.  
Yet dying you smiled up at me, "I'm glad I went."  
*The Hill City Mining News. Mrs. Richard L. Harris.*

## WHAT HAVE I DONE FOR MY SOUL?

What have I done for my soul today?  
Have I given a helping hand?  
Have I cheered my comrade on his way?  
No—I did not understand  
The wistful look in his eager eye.  
I nodded at him and passed him by.

What have I done for my soul today?  
When I drove thru the crowded square,  
I saw a woman in ragged array,  
Her face grim, and toilworn with care  
She was my friend in the long ago;  
I turned away—the world needn't know.

What have I done for my soul today?  
When a lad asked a bit of advice,  
I yelled at him in a surly way,  
But now I am paying the price.  
My errant soul has returned to ask,  
Is kindness such a stupendous task?

What do I do for my soul each day?  
Do I try to understand  
The common need of the common clay,  
That is shaped by the master hand?  
Do I dwarf my soul by a heedless deed,  
Or is loyal service and love my creed?

*The Detroit Free Press.*

*Clara Miehm.*

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| Sarah Hammond Kelly was born in Jackson, Mich.,<br>1891. Educated at University of California. Interests:<br>"Poetry, babies and books." Home, Mill Valley, Cal.  |      |
| THE ASHEVILLE CITIZEN, Asheville, S. C.   |      |
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| Miss Maring was born in Seattle, in 1900. She is a<br>student at the University of Washington, and assistant<br>at the Seattle Juvenile Court. She wrote her first<br>poem at the age of 6, and is now recognized as the<br>poet laureate of the State of Washington. She has<br>been represented in each issue of this Anthology. Her<br>home is in Seattle, Wash. |      |
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| Clarissa Brooks (Mrs. C. L. Jenks) was born at Adrian, Kas., 1880. Educated at Midland College, George Washington University, and American School of Osteopathy. Interests are domestic and literary. Home, Worcester, Mass.   |      |
| <b>THE BOSTON POST, Boston, Mass.</b>  |      |
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| George Allen England born at Ft. McPherson, Neb., 1877. A. B. Harvard, 1902. Author of "Underneath the Bough," "The Story of the Appeal," "Darkness and Dawn," "The Air Trust." Writer, essayist, poet. Home, Brookline, Mass.   |      |
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| Sanford Wayne Gard was born at Brocton, Ill., 1899.<br>He is a writer of note and is interested in nature, literature and photography. He was educated at Jacksonville (Ill.) High School and Illinois College (A. B.). At present he is a member of the faculty of the Cushing High School, Rangoon, Burma. Mr. Gard's poems are widely copied in this country and many are appearing in the leading publications in India. Home, Jacksonville, Ill. |      |
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| Miss Elliston was born at Mt. Sterling, Ky. Educated at Covington (Ky.) High School. Author of "Every Day Poems." Home, Ft. Thomas, Ky.   |      |
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| Marie Tello Phillips (Mrs. Watson P. Phillips) is a poet, lecturer, author and art critic. She has traveled extensively, and her poems have been copied from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She has "made" many of the leading poetry publications. A member of "The Bookfellows" and other organizations devoted to literature. Her home is in Pittsburgh, Pa.   |      |
| <b>THE COLUMBUS EVENING DISPATCH, Columbus, Ohio.</b>   |      |
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| Mr. Sigmund was born at Wavbeek, Iowa, 1885. He is the Vice-President Cedar Rapids Life Ins. Co. Educated at Central City, Iowa. Interests are poetry, natural history and art. His poems are meeting with a kind reception and are being widely copied. Author "Frescoes," a volume of recent poems. Home, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.   |      |
| <b>THE DES MOINES REGISTER, Des Moines, Iowa.</b>   |      |
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| Born 1887. Educated at Northwestern University.<br>Housewife, mother and newspaper writer. Home,<br>Des Moines, Iowa.  |      |
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| Mrs. Frasier is a writer and lecturer who has won<br>success on the lecture platform as well as in the liter-<br>ary field. Her poems carry a spirit of hopefulness and<br>sentiment that lifts them above the ordinary. Her<br>lectures appeal to the higher social organizations. She<br>is a "Bookfellow," and author of several books of<br>poems. Her home is in Dothan, Ala. |      |
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| William P. F. Ferguson was born in Delphi, N. Y.,<br>1861. Educated at Drew Theological Seminary. Editor.<br>Author of many books on prohibition. Home, Frank-<br>lin, Pa.   |      |
| THE HEALDTON HERALD, Healdton, Okla.   |      |
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| Virginia Smyth Nolen was born at Eufala, Okla.,<br>1895. She says her vocation is "writer, wife and<br>mother," and there could be no grander or sweeter<br>mission in life. Her interests are Indians, and human<br>nature, especially as seen in the oil fields. Home,<br>Healdton, Okla.  |      |
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| Mr. Kearns is a member of the faculty of the Illinois<br>Womans College. A members of the "Bookfellows,"<br>and editor of a poetry column in a daily paper. His<br>poems have appeared in the leading poetry journals<br>and magazines. Home, Jacksonville, Ill.   |      |

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THE KANSAS CITY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.

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*Mr. Saunders was born at Wamego, Kas. He is a musician and writer. Leader Department of Music in Kansas Authors' Club. Teacher of piano. Collector of literary manuscripts. Home, Wamego, Kas.*

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*Mrs. Edelman was born in County Tipperary, Ireland, 1887. She is a regular contributor to the Kansas City Star. Her poems are much in demand by leading papers. Some of her poems have been set to music, and one has been sung for Victrola records by Madam Homer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.*

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*Velma West Sykes was born at Kinkaid, Kas. Educated Garnett, Kas. Writer. Home, Kansas City, Mo.*

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*Judge Lowenstein was born in Monroe County, Tenn. Author of "Memorial Poems." He is a member of the bar, and has held many positions of honor in his profession. His poems show the judicial mind. Home, Kansas City, Mo.*

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*Mr. Walker was born in Shelton, Neb. He is an architect, and is interested in art and literature. Home, Eldorado, Kas.*

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| <i>Mr. Moore was born in Verona, Ohio, 1885. Supervisor of public school music and bank clerk. Interested in songs and curios. Home, Lewisburg, Ohio.</i>           |    |
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| <i>Mrs. Lipp was born in Webster, Kas. Educated at the University of Louisiana and Colorado College. Home, Shaw, Miss.</i>  |    |
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| <i>Mrs. Harris was born in Hartley, Iowa, 1888. She writes poetry and short stories. Her home is in Lodgepole, S. D.</i>  |    |
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| <i>Born in Brewton, Ala. Educated by governess. Pioneer club woman. Author "Sips of Cheer." President Dothan Writers Club. Home, Dothan, Ala.</i>                   |    |
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| <i>Born in Enon, Ala. Housewife. Officer State Federation of Woman's Clubs. Author of "Renewal." Home, Ozark, Ala.</i>  |    |
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| <i>Marjory Stoneman Douglas was born in Minneapolis, Minn., 1890. Educated at Wellesley College. Columnist and assistant editor Miami Herald. Home, Miami, Fla.</i> |    |

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Miss McDougal was born at Selmer, Tenn. Educated in public schools of Tennessee, Mississippi and Indian Territory. Liberty College. Kidd-Key University of Oklahoma. She is meeting with success as a writer, and her poems and articles show a high order of ability. Her present address is New York City. Home, Sapulpa, Okla.

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| Born in Chatham, Ohio. Educated at Geneva Normal Institute. Author of a number of books of verse. Home, New York City.   |    |
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| Mr. Powell was born in Reddick, England, 1877. Author and writer. Interest, the stage, walking, gymnastics. Author, "Young Ivy on Old Walls." Home, Stratford, Conn. |    |
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Pascal D'Angelo was born near the old walled city of Sulmona, Italy. He is, as he says, "a pick and shovel man." While working as a common laborer he has taught himself French, Spanish and English, and became a poet of more than ordinary ability. His home is in New York City.

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| Prof. Smith was born at Malta, Ill., 1866. Educated at Beloit College, Fairfield College, Cotner University. A member of the faculty of Drake University. Author of text-books, serials and poems. Home, Des Moines, Iowa.  |      |
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| Born at Pallet, Vt., 1886. College instructor. Author of "The Hill Trails." Home, Northfield, Vt.   |      |
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| Violet McDougal was born at Selmer, Tenn. Educated in public schools, and Universities of Oklahoma, Colorado and Missouri. She has a remarkable talent for selecting unhackneyed themes for her poems. Her poems are widely quoted. Her home is in Sapulpa, Okla. |      |
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Roselle Mercier Montgomery (Mrs. John Seymour Montgomery) was born at Washington, Ga. Educated at Mary Baldwin Seminary. Is the mother of two children. Her winter residence is in Brooklyn, N. Y. Summer residence at Riverside, Conn. Member of Authors' League, Poetry Society, League of American Pen Women, D. A. R., U. D. C., Dixie Club. Contributor of poems and articles to newspapers and magazines.

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Vilda Sauvage Owens (Mrs. R. Elliott Owens) was born in Wales. Received her early education in England, and graduated from Vassar College in 1900. Her home is in Courtland, N. Y.

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Miss Seigrist was born in Johnstown, Pa. Educated in public schools of Lebanon, Pa., Millersville State Normal and Columbia University. She is an art editor. Home, New York City.

**THE NEW CANAAN ADVERTISER, New Canaan, Conn.**

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Mr. Leanord was born in Jersey City, N. J., 1868. Educated at Trinity School, New York City. "Business man, hand miner, free-lance writer." Interested in Indians, fairies, art, literature and the West. Author, "The Land Where the Sunsets Go." Home, New Canaan, Conn.

**THE NORFOLK VIRGINIAN-PILOT, Norfolk, Va.**

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Mr. Moreland was born in Norfolk, Va., 1880. He is cashier of the City Water Department, Norfolk. Editor of the "Lyric," a magazine of verse. Author of "Red Poppies in the Wheat." Home, Norfolk, Va.

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| Mrs. Brooks is a writer of short stories and poetry.<br>She was born in Halifax County, Va., 1881. Home,<br>Oxford, N. C.   |      |
| THE RIVER FALLS JOURNAL, River Falls,<br>Wis.   |      |
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| Born at River Falls, Wis., 1879. Writer. Interested<br>in arts and the out-of-doors. Author of "Hill Trails<br>and Open Sky." Home, Alameda, Cal.                                     |      |
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| Mr. Ferril was born in Denver, Colo., 1896. Edu-<br>cated in the Denver public schools and Colorado Col-<br>lege (A. B.). Dramatic editor of the Denver Times.<br>Home, Denver, Colo. |      |
| THE SAN FRANCISCO CALL, San Francisco,<br>Cal.  |      |
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| THE SPRINGFIELD SUNDAY REPUBLIC-<br>AN, Springfield, Mass.  |      |
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| Born in Williamsport, Pa., 1862. Interested in writ-<br>ing, floral gardening, golf and social service. Home,<br>Longmeadow, Mass.  |      |

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| THE SPRINGFIELD UNION, Springfield, Mass.  |      |
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| Dr. Marshall was born at Lemester, N. H., 1849.<br>Educated at University of Vermont, Hahnemann Medi-<br>cal College, Philadelphia, and Harvard University.<br>Author of a number of books in both prose and<br>poetry. Home, New Salem, Mass. |      |
| THE TOWN CRIER, Seattle, Wash.   |      |
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The receipt of the following books by newspaper poets is acknowledged:

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PHILLIPS, MARIE TELLO. *Book of Verses*. New York. Clarke & Fritts.

SHIPP, E. RICHARD. *Intermountain Folk: Songs of Their Days and Ways*. Casper, Wyo. The Casper Stationery Company.

SIGMUND, JAY G. *Frescoes*. Boston, Mass. B. J. Brimmer Company.

WHITSETT, WILLIAM THORNTON. *Saber and Song*. Whitsett, N. C. The Whitsett Institute.

FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE. *Things That Are Mine*. Chicago. Steen Hinrichsen.











